198 8

ANNAMALAINAGAR

MISCELLANY

1 DEC 1932

WITH COURAGE & FAITH

No. 1 Vol. IV Nov. 1932

?= DEC 1932

ANNAMALAINAGAR

MISCELLANY

VOL. IV.

No. 1 Nov. 1932

147731
சென்னை-600 008.

சென்னை-600

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	1
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SUGGESTION—R. Ramanujachari	4
THE COMPANION CASKET—K. Karunakara Menon V H. (Litt.)	11
CURE—Wem.	17
THE BORING OF THE BORE	18
SHORT STORY: EVOLUTION OF AN ARTIST—R. Sitaraman	24
ON BEING HENPECKED—Henpecked Husband ...	28
THE PATRIOT'S DREAM—Corona	31
"AN ENCOUNTER OF LOVE"—"R. A. F."	33
THESE HORRIBLE EXAMINATIONS—"An Examiner." ...	38
MY LOT—N. Sundaresan	41
POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY—V. Muthusubramanian ...	43
அகவழகும் முகவெழிலும்—(இன்பம்)	49
இலவச டிக்கட்டு—R. S. Monyan, II Class	53
"அளவளாவிய நண்பர் திருமுகம்"...ஆர். ஏ. சுப்பிரமணியன், IV B. Sc.	55
ஓர் ஒரு ஆக்டு நாடகம்—C. R. Myleru	56
முரண்பாடு—R. Narasimham, IV Hons.	62
"மூன்று காதல் மணம் கமழும் கவிகள்"—P. Alalasundaram IV Hons. (Tamil Literature)	64
THE UNIVERSITY UNION	70
THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION	72

CONTENTS—(*Cond.*)

	Page
Hostel Notes—V. N. Ramaswami, Secretary ...	75
English Language and Literature Society ...	76
History Society, 1931–'32—Sithapathi Rao, Secretary	77
Economics Society	78
Philosophy Society	79
The Annamalai University Mathematics Association	80
The Annamalai University Physics Society ...	81
Chemical Society, 1931–'32	82
The Annamalai University Tamil Union ...	83
First Annamalainagar Rover Crew —R. A. Subramanian, IV B.Sc.	84
The Annamalai University Social Reform Club...	86
The Annamalai University Malayalee Club ...	87
The Annamalai University Andhra Sangham ...	88
The Annamalai University Karnataka Sangham	89
The Bharathi Study Circle	90
Our Exchange List	91

Editorial Board

Mr. A. Mendeloff, B. A. (Hons.) Lond.
Mr. S. P. Ragland, M. A.
Mr. C. V. Subramanian
Mr. S. Maharajan

Editorial

HAIL, Sacred muse of verse, come to our aid,
Lighten the obligation on us laid.
The chains of office bind us now to write
An editorial, and in despite
Of custom's usage, prose we now eschew,
Which is the reason we apply to you.
Bad verse is easier far than flowing prose,
A truth which every minor poet knows;
And if you have not very much to say,
A little padding goes a longish way.
(You note that we have scarcely yet begun,
Yet in a flash already twelve lines done,
And if you say that verse is out of place,
I just retort "It takes up so much space."
"Material considerations?" True—
But when you've naught to say, then what to do?)
Well! to our labours. Muse, sit on our knee—
(It's difficult, this editorial "we".)
Help him, poor man, who for his sins so many
Has been made editor of the Miscellany.
Upon the passing year we've rung the knell,
(A trifle trite, but still it *sounds* quite well.)
And now a new year comes on us amain
(An easy rhyme) and we're at work again.
New faces greet us in the lecture room,
Faces still bearing signs of childhood bloom.
While here, these youths shall win to manhood's might,
And when they leave, bear on the torch of light.
Many an old familiar face has left,

*

And Alma Mater, of those sons bereft,
Bids them god-speed, and fortune be their lot,
And turns to welcome new sons she has got;
But often thinks of those who've gone away,
Great in the glory of a good B. A.
We note some students dress in better style,
In secret, practise an alluring smile,
And help to swell the stream of amorist verse;
A change has come, for better or for worse.
We cannot find a reason for this change.
We merely notice it as rather strange!
Another change to which we must refer
Involves three graces who have come this year,
Three women who, with commendable yearning
For wisdom's lore, have joined this place of learning.

* * * *

O muse, you wanton! you've abandoned me,
And my poor throat is hoarse as hoarse can be,
In view of which I must forbear to sing.
Moreover Pegusus has sprained a wing.
My verse is limping and not easy goes,
So I had better switch off into prose.

* * * *

We take this opportunity of congratulating ourselves and the Vice-Chancellor on the renewal of his term of office.

* * * *

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Pandit Sivaprakasam Pillai, a member of the staff of the Tamil Department.

* * * *

A one-time student, Mr. H. Runganathan, has gone to England for training in aviation. He is the first of our students to go abroad. We hope that he will not be the last.

* * * *

An innovation is being introduced in the current number of the Miscellany. We are including Tamil articles for the first time, and hope their success may justify their regular position in the Magazine.

* * * *

Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao having resigned his position as Warden of the Hostel, Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy has been appointed to the place thus vacated. We wish to record the wide-spread appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Dr. Rao, and we trust also that under the new Warden, the hostel will be run economically.

* * * *

We welcome the younger brother of the Miscellany—the Annamalai University Research Journal which has recently seen the light for the first time. We gather that this latest child of Alma Mater is doing as well as can be expected. In deference to the superior age of our Magazine, our subscribers have been granted a half-rate concession. We hope the Journal will achieve the same reputation and success as the Miscellany.

EDITOR.

The Psychology of Suggestion

IN Psychology the term suggestion is used to denote the process by which an idea or belief is transmitted from one person to another, leading to its uncritical acceptance. If I mention casually to a friend that a certain book is very interesting, the idea I have thrown into my friend's mind may be assimilated quite unconsciously and he may procure and read it. People are particularly susceptible to the influence of suggestion in the hypnotic state. The hypnotiser may tell his subject that he can only walk backward; the subject walks backward with ease and finds it difficult to take a step forward. The operator gives the subject a blank card and assures him that it is the portrait of his friend, and the subject readily sees the portrait and can even describe the details of the picture. Loss of sensations, paralysis of arm or leg can be suggested and unhesitatingly accepted. Actual physical changes are sometimes produced by suggestion. Blisters have been raised by touching the skin with ice supposed to be red-hot iron. The patient may be made to notice changes in temperature when there are none, and to see motion in an object that is at rest.

Suggestion takes effect even in waking life; suggestibility is no abnormal condition. It is quite a common occurrence in the life of every normal individual. But this universal characteristic is vastly intensified in the hypnotic state. Those about us are constantly suggesting to us what we should do and what we should not do. So constant is the pressure of suggestion that by its very familiarity it ceases

any longer to attract attention. The power of suggestion on the mind is well-known. It is reported that a lady who swallowed a small quantity of almost harmless toothpaste from a bottle labelled 'poison' died the next day. The whole purpose of advertisement is to influence choice or belief uncritically, to make us purchase what we do not want and cannot afford. An Austin car or Abdulla cigarettes or nervinus are so greatly praised that we come to believe in their special merit. Much-advertised new cures are in great demand not because they are effective, but because they are cleverly foisted on a credulous public. The readers of the daily press, with the minimum of independent thinking, accept opinions on art, politics and religion second-hand. The child burns or hurts his fingers and runs to the mother weeping. She kisses the part to make it well and says, 'you are a good child; the pain is now gone'. The child believes itself cured and stops crying.

When the suggestion comes from the person himself, it is termed auto-suggestion; when it originates from a source outside the person, it is called hetero-suggestion. But it is needless to make this distinction. Suggestion takes effect only when it is accepted by the person to whom it is made; thus ultimately he is himself responsible for it. In this sense, all suggestion is auto-suggestion. From another point of view, all suggestion is hetero-suggestion. The person who makes the auto-suggestion needs some stimulus from outside. He gets it from the doctor who urges him to use auto-suggestion or from books.

We are more suggestible at certain hours of the day than at others. The time of going to sleep and

that of waking up are the occasions when suggestion is very attractive. That is possibly the reason why these are the times set apart for prayer.

Some men are more suggestible than others; they are apt to accept instantly and without question every incoming suggestion. It is well-known that abnormally-minded people are highly suggestible. Suggestions are easily implanted whenever there is dissociation of the personality. Again, when we are not well acquainted with a subject we cannot resist suggestions made in regard to that field. This accounts for the extreme suggestibility of children. Often, suggestion depends for its success on the character of the source from which it emanates. If made by a person whom we regard as hostile or suspect, we refuse to accept it; if prestige attaches to the source, suggestion is very effective. Prestige may depend on power, social-standing, intellectual gifts, athletic ability, and so on. People who have an overdose of the instinct of self-assertion in their mental composition are less amenable to suggestion than those in whom the submissive impulse is well-marked.

When A makes a statement to B and B forthwith accepts the opposite of that statement on an inadequate rational basis, the phenomenon is called contra-suggestion. The tendency to react negatively to every suggestion made is often evoked by any attempt to exercise authority; sometimes even a casual remark arouses this tendency. A person who exhibits this tendency, on being told that a given object is gold, is sure that it is only brass. If he be told that a distant object on the horizon is a locomotive engine, he is forthwith confident that it is a buffalo. Occasionally, children

get into this attitude, but return to normal condition quite soon. While in this state, they do exactly the opposite of what they are asked to do. This reminds one of the story of the farmer who wanted to take his pig to the slaughter-house to be killed. It refused to go in at the slaughter-house gate, pulling him backward whenever he tried to drag it forward. It appeared that a stale-mate would ensue, but the clever farmer turned round and dragged it away from the door; and the pig went straight in. If this tendency to rebellion is uncorrected, the child becomes confirmed in this habit and pursues a course because that course is opposed by the persons around him. The person who displays contra-suggestibility deludes himself into the belief that he is exhibiting strength of character. In reality, adoption of contra-suggestibility is only a device to hide weakness of character; it is simply an over-compensation for weak character. This tendency results from unwise exercise of authority, or is due to the predominance of the self-assertive impulse. It is the duty of parents and others who have the care of such children to put their commands in as pleasing a form as possible.

Through suggestibility a man is sensitive to public opinion and learns to submit to the regulations under which he lives. But too great suggestibility is of doubtful value. The ultra-suggestible person allows his mind to be shaped by every incoming suggestion, and it is precisely for this reason that his mind does not retain shape. He cannot make up his mind, is always dependent on somebody or other and is credulous. This is the moral of the story of the old man, his son and the ass.

The French psychologist Binet, the pioneer in the field of intelligence testing, devised some tests to measure the degree to which men are suggestible. In the first experiment the tester reads out certain words, and questions the subject regarding his position in reading. Though the responses are correct, the subject is informed that some of the answers are true and others false, and is asked to reconsider his answers. The subject alters some of his answers. This test is interesting not only as revealing the suggestibility of the subject, but also as showing how a person occupying a position of authority can succeed in eliciting answers quite contrary to fact. In another experiment, a card was shown on which a button, a stamp and a picture were fixed. Immediately after the exposure, to one section of the audience was given the question 'How was the button fastened to the card?' To a second group was addressed the question, "The button was sewn on to the card by thread, was it not?" The third section was asked to name the colour of the thread by which the button was fastened to the card. In fact the button was glued on and no thread was used. But all of them accepted the suggestion that the thread was used, and some were busy trying to recollect the colour of the non-existent thread.

Suggestibility is at its maximum in young children; it is one of childhood's outstanding qualities. The young child is dependent on others for his physical requirements such as protection and nutrition. He has little or no knowledge about very many things. When his physical powers grow, he finds that he can do things for himself, and his self-reliance increases. With increasing knowledge and power of

reasoning, he develops the critical faculty and becomes less and less amenable to suggestion. The parents and teachers who would wisely guide the development of the child have to adopt the method of suggestion. It is a useful educational expedient, especially in moral training. Through the judicious use of suggestions, parents can succeed in removing pain, fear and bad habits, and in checking unhealthy tendencies and harmful cravings. If a child will not drink milk at night just before he goes to bed we tell him: 'Tomorrow you are going to get very nice milk. It will taste so nice that you will want more?' This idea is repeated several times a day, changing, of course, the form of expression. In less than a week, the child comes to drink milk. Again, if a child has not been good for some days past, when he is in bed we tell him the story of a little boy who was good. If this is done for a few days, good results are obtained. Thus story-telling is an effective means of moral training. If a boy kicks and screams, we tell him that only little children kick and scream and that older boys and girls behave better. The wise teacher uses the method of suggestion to suppress harmful interests and fix valuable permanent interests in the child's attitude.

Suggestions of evil invariably bring about their own fulfilment. It is impossible to calculate the damage done to little ones in this way by their ignorant elders. Often the impatient teacher tells the boy, "you will never be able to remember things" or "you will never be able to do sums". The short-tempered father tells his child that he is very naughty, that he is so bad that no one will like him. Such reprimands often do great harm. The child suggests

itself into that state of not being able to remember or to do sums. The anxious parent tells his friends that his boy has poor appetite or that he is very shy and feels strange in the presence of people, or that he is not strong enough for certain games. The boy hears all this and ends by becoming what has been so often suggested to him. To bring the child to obedience, fear-suggestions—fear of ghosts, of police-men, of thieves—are commonly instilled in its mind. The child sees through the joke and does not attach any value to these threats or takes them seriously and becomes permanently nervous, timid and diffident.

Being highly suggestible and imitative, the child easily adopts the tastes, opinions and peculiarities of its elders as its own. Hence suggestion by example is often preferable to suggestion by word. The path of suggestive example is infinitely more potent than direct teaching. It is the duty of teachers to furnish a pattern of right interests and right appreciation of values in order to stimulate like attitudes in the child.

In early training, the use of suggestion is educationally justifiable and necessary. But it must be less and less used as the child grows older. Sound education must help the child to reach a stage when he can judge for himself in all matters that are vital. He cannot afford to be plastic right through life. It will be a grievous misfortune if he carries into adult life the infantile attitude toward the world. The over-suggestible young man is less efficient than the obstinate and self-willed person. He develops a dependence on others which is hard to break.

R. RAMANUJACHARI.

The Companion Casket

THE silence was becoming unbearable. They had sat thus round the table for the past half an hour or more without uttering a single syllable, all gazing into the empty void of the electrically well-lit room. Worried thoughtfulness was clear upon every countenance.

At last, breaking the heavy silence with a determination, "I am sure it is quarter past ten now," said Raja Ram, the local Police Inspector, a tall, lean dark man of thirty, with a bushy moustache and a pair of hungry eyes.

"Ten minutes past ten," the District A. S. P. Mr. Manikkam, corrected him, looking at his wrist-watch He was a bulky man with a dissipated look and small, red eyes. "You have that letter with you, I hope, Mr. Chettiar?" he then asked his middle-aged companion seated to the right who was exceedingly short and corpulent, of a mixed complexion and a rather gloomy face.

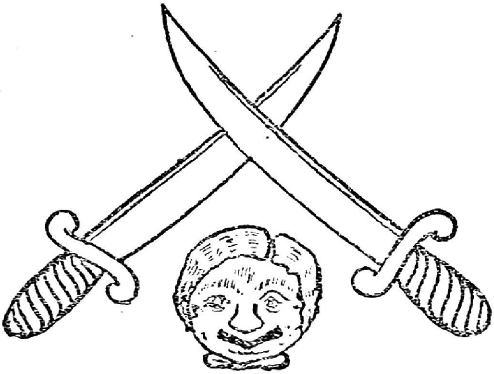
"Here it is, curse the thing!" replied Chettiar, taking a folded blue paper from his pocket and handing it over to the A. S. P.

"The same colour, the same mark!" The A. S. P. spread the paper on the table. "The fellow is really very clever; but he will find us more than a match this time."

The contents of the blue paper were :—

"*K..............puram,*

"*24-8-19......*



"RAMALINGAM CHETTY,

"You have thwarted our injunctions and called the police. You are marked down to suffer for it. Where we have done half, we will complete soon. Let the new D. S. P. do what he can.

"—BHAGAVAN DAS."

A short pause ensued, after which the A. S. P. suddenly asked: "Where have you kept the other casket?"

"I keep it in the iron-safe in my bedroom," said the Chettiar. "It, and the stolen one, are heirlooms of our family. They contain rare jewels of enormous price; and the loss is really—really a tremendous loss!" And forthwith he launched upon an elaborate narration of the history of the jewels.

"Don't bother," said the A. S. P. "Mr. Mitra is a famous man at the job and he has been specially

transferred to this district to deal with this gang of burglars."

"He is determined to waste no time," added the Inspector, "That is why he has wired that he would be coming even to-night, although he takes charge only in the morning."

"I wonder what sort of man he is!" exclaimed the A. S. P. with the usual premonitions of the direct subordinate about his new superior."

"He is reported to be a very genial man, quite young—rather too young for the post," chimed in the Inspector.

Just then the sound of a car coming up the road was audible; there was a sound of brakes being applied before the house. All three at once got up and hurriedly went to the front door to receive Mr. Mitra, who was seen alighting from the car.

The new D. S. P. was, as the Inspector had remarked, rather too young for the high office he held. He was scarcely twenty-five, of ordinary stature, but of strong muscular build, agile, with a smiling oval face and flushed cheeks. His large eyes had a piercing keenness mingled with a humorous glitter in them.

After the usual salutations and greetings, all repaired to the drawing-room. Mr. Mitra evinced his keen interest in the case by at once plunging into an examination of the facts and evidence. He was shown the letter from the chief of the burglars: his eyes shone for a moment with a new light, as a sardonic smile crept over his countenance when he read the challenge thrown out to himself by the thieves;

but he was quite cool and unperturbed when he folded up the letter and placed it on the table, saying in a low tone: "well, we'll see."

He next wanted to see the iron safe from which the casket had been stolen; and he went there guided by the Chettiar and accompanied by the other two officials.

The room was a spacious one, comfortably furnished. At one end of the spring-cot stood a massive iron safe which the Chettiar opened with difficulty.

"The thief should have been a clever one, indeed who stole away the thing from this!" remarked the D. S. P.

"The swine chloroformed me first, or I would have made him pay for his cleverness then and there," growled the Chettiar.

"Of course you can't expect him to have taken no precautions against your courage," said Mr. Mitra, smiling. "But I would like to see the companion casket. Can you kindly take it out?"

From an inner chamber of the safe the Chettiar took out a beautiful casket. He opened it by pressing a button,—and all at once a dazzling radiance was spread throughout the room as the bright beam from the electric light struck upon the sparkling gems and was refracted into yet brighter rays.

"You say the stolen casket is quite similar to this one?" asked Mr. Mitra.

"As similar as twins," replied the owner; and he began again to trace the history of the caskets.

Mr. Mitra, however, cut him short impatiently: "This case is quite a serious one. The value of the goods and the cleverness of the thief make it the more interesting. I should like to have a minute description of the casket and the jewels before proceeding with the case. So if you don't mind I shall take this casket with me to the T. B, where I put up. I shall return it to-morrow personally. Of course," he added with a smile, "you shall have an official receipt from me."

The Chettiar assented to the proposal quite willingly. Mr. Mitra secured the casket in his inner pocket, and they all returned to the drawing-room. There he wrote out a formal official receipt for it, and gave it to Mr. Chettiar.

"I shall call upon you here at 9-30 to-morrow morning. Please be here then.' said he to the A.S.P. and the Inspector; and wishing good night to all, he got into the car and drove away.

The other three returned again to the drawing-room. Mr. Chettiar produced some glasses and a bottle which the other two accepted quite heartily, forgetting in the fumes of the intoxicating spirit the official difference existing between them. The liquor gave new vigour to their tongues, and naturally they began to talk about the new D. S. P.

"Quite an able chap," said the A. S. P.—"In spite of his youth," added the Inspector.—"And very prompt in his work," said the Chettiar.

"Bhagavandas will soon find the place too hot for him."

"We will smoke out their nest".

"He won't dare to write such another letter taunting the police."

Just then the door opened and a servant came in with a letter, which he said had been brought by an urchin to whom it had been given on the way by a young gentleman in a car.

"Some new plan from the D. S. P.," ejaculated the A. S. P., eagerly snatching the letter from the servant's hand. It was addressed to himself. He opened it hastily, and drew out a blue paper.

"The colour!" muttered the Chettiar ominously as he dismissed the servant, when suddenly he was startled by a loud exclamation of dismay from the A. S. P., whose face had turned deadly pale.

"What? What is it?" cried both the Chettiar and the Inspector as they stretched out their hands for the letter. They took it from the pallid hand of the A. S. P., who seemed unconscious of the fact.

A glance at the letter was enough to tell them what the matter was. It bore on the top the sign of the two swords and the grinning face, and ran thus:

"My best thanks to you all for the kind reception you accorded me. The two caskets will now be together; it would have been a pity to separate them. I hope this will assure Mr. Chettiar of the force of my injunctions, and satisfy the Police that Bhagavan Das is more than a match for them in spite of the new D. S. P., to whom I shall soon be sending a true account of the dexterity and detective skill of his subordinate officials.

"—BHAGAVAN DAS."

K. KARUNAKARA MENON
V. H. (LITT.)

The Eccentrics and the Annamalai University Cricket Eleven

Cure

My eyes are filled with quietness, and night
Brings peace into my brain.
The kindly stars have overcome the might
Of weary pain.
My old serenity has come to me
Again.

Couched on my back and staring up on high,
Dreaming, I half forgot
With a million starry miles all in my eye
My petty lot.
I did not care if all you said were true
Or not.

Now all I feel is that the wind is sweet
Blown lightly through my hair,
Although the one I hope for so will greet
Me never there,
Yet still and always, night and wind and stars
Are fair.

Over my fevered head the soothing hands
Of dark will always creep
The peace of stars to him who understands
Is always deep.
And day must sometime end and at the end,
Is sleep.

Wem.

The Boring of the Bore

"WHAT do you think of Sir Samuel Hoare's announcement last week in the Commons?"

I only thought that Jaya was the greatest bore and that unless I got rid of him without further delay I was done for. I had stood him for the last four months, and I was determined to stand him no longer. If precisely at 8-30 every night a vigorous knock did not fall on my door, something serious must have happened to Jaya. But hitherto no accident had prevented the expected visit. He talked inexhaustively on the news of the day; he scarcely ever allowed me to put in a word. He monopolised the whole conversation. In fact, it was a long monologue, and I was the unwilling audience on which he ruthlessly hurled it. In the first few days I patiently listened to his harangue out of courtesy. But I could not be a martyr to boredom for ever. I began to show signs of impatience and restlessness. But I had mistaken my man. The broad hints which I gave him he never took. My frequent yawns of sleepiness seemed to escape his observation. My repeated attempts to open my heartily disliked copy of 'The Anglo Saxon Reader' were interrupted by a volley of questions which he aimed at me. I gave no answer, nor did he expect any. It was only a means of drawing my attention on himself. This had gone on for months, and I was decided it should not go on for a day longer. In fact, I could not afford it at all. If I had learned anything in about two years and a half it was that the Honours Course in English was no easy joke. I had practically wasted all my time

till then. The Hostel Representative Council and the Prelines had accounted for the first year. In the second year too my hands were full. To have captained the Varsity Cricket Team with considerable success, and to have steered the Union through a year of active work as its Secretary were achievements of which I was justly proud. And thus I had entered my final year which I had inaugurated with pious resolutions—an eight-hour-day, scrapping of allextra-activities, drastic cuts in the hours of play. But the lure of the Union was irresistible, and I had to confess to a weakness for Cricket. And to crown all, there was this exasperating friend of mine who drilled relentlessly through my patience, through all the barriers of inattention, voluntary deafness and even rudeness which I vainly interposed. The result of all this was that my captious teachers were thoroughly dissatisfied with my "Progress." On matters linguistic I claimed to keep an "open mind," though in their perversity the professors called it a perfect vacuity, a complete blankness; and what I called my originality in literary criticism, these professional pickers of holes attributed to my unfamiliarity with their dry-as-dust and dull-as-ditch-water critics. However, with the Ides of March fast approaching I felt that I had hugged my unrecognised greatness too long, and that it was necessary to please my fastidious professors to manage the bothersome exam. And the first thing to be done was to free myself from the coils of this insufferable friend who stuffed me with his thick and suffocating discourse. After careful deliberation I happily hit upon a plan, and when, as usual, my friend introduced himself into my room, my method of offensive was matured.

"The announcement of Sir Samuel Hoare" began my friend. "Sir Samuel," I promptly interrupted, "is even now an active Tennis player, and a player of no mean order either. Tennis is the most gentlemanly game. Imagine a Secretary of State on the wrong side of fifty playing Foot-ball or Hockey. The thing is inconceivable. There is, of course, Cricket. But it if mainly a game of the British Empire, though, of late, other countries have also begun to cultivate it seriously. Witness, for instance, the South American Team touring England now. England, after all, is no longer the giant in Cricket she erstwhile was. She looked very small, indeed, in the Test matches against Australia. Larwood's lightning-deliveries passed innoccuous by. Brown twisted the ball in vain. Even Peeble's slow googlies were heavily punished. Woolley is no longer the glory that he was......And now the Indian team is giving a good account of itself in England. Naidu's quickness of eye, the panther-like agility of his movements, the exhilarating unexpectedness of his glorious strokes, his perverse pleasure in the unorthodox, his sinuous skill never hardening into inhumane efficiency, his judicious mixture of science and impulse, these have won him the most prolific praise from the best critics of the game in England. And the Indian bowling deserves no less credit. Nissar's fast in—swingers and Amar Singh's medium—paced deliveries have worried the best English Star bats...... And Navle's clever work behind the wicket......"

"O damn Cricket," shouted my impatient friend. Cricket, I knew, was his pet aversion. That was exactly why I switched on to that topic. Regaining his wonted self-complacency, he made an attempt to dominate over me, and began in his confident

manner. "That scoundrel of a die-hard, the Tory member for......"

"Yes, but you know," hastily I opened fire, determined not to give up an inch, "he is the brother of that Silly Old Frederick Simpson, who calls himself a poet. He writes such absolute rotten stuff, sheer clotten nonsense. But one should not be too severe on him either. After all, there may be poetry even in the dirt that he spews forth. For what is poetry? Is it 'the breath and finer spirit of all language,' 'the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science'? Or is it 'the rhythmic creation of beauty' or 'the criticism of life' or 'emotion recollected in tranquillity'? Or is it only

> 'nature to advantage dressed
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed'?

These definitions, distracting in their variety, indicate the possibility of diverse kinds of poetry. The poet, for instance, may be one whose 'eyes in a fine frenzy rolling gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name'; he may be one who sings hymns unbidden

> 'Till the world is wrought
> To sympathy with hopes and fears it headed not';

'the most harmonious madness' may flow from his lips; he may

> 'feed on aerial kisses
> Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses,'

or he might

> 'watch from down to gloom
> The lake reflected Sun illume
> The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom'

and out of these create

> 'Forms more real than living man
> Nursling of immortality.'

Jaya groaned. I paused for a minute trying to recollect more of the 'vague generalisation' (the phrase is my professor's) which constituted my last week's essay, the only one I had written during the year. I perceived unmistakable signs of recovery on the face of my friend. Determined not to yield when victory was within sight I hastily continued the fusilade.

"But all poets do not pour their heart in 'profuse strains of unpremeditated art' or 'pant forth a flood of rapture so divine.' They may not all have 'fed on honey dew or drunk the milk of paradise.' Some of them lacking the divine afflatus, the poetic furor, may be

> 'Standing on earth, not rapt above the clouds,'

some of them,

> 'Confined and postered in this pin-fold here'

could not like Milton

> 'ride sublime
> Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy.'

Like Pope, they may 'drive a chariot with a couple of neat trim nags, going at a steady trot.' You thus see that in the concert hall of poetry there is place not only for a Shakespeare and a Shelley, but also for a Dryden and a Pope, just as in the concert hall of music Beethoven shares honours with Bach."

Jaya writhed in an agony of boredom. If there was one thing which he hated as much as Cricket it was Literature. Poor fellow! My heart melted in sympathy for him, and so I suspended the attack for a minute. But compassion was yet too early. The enemy still showed signs of life. He soon felt himself on terra firma, and with his provoking simper of self-satisfaction began, "Despite all his greatness, Gandhiji

has got some quixotic notions in his old head. Take, for instance, his worship of the Cow."

"Cow," I promptly took up the cue, and this time I was determined to run him through and through, to tear him to mince-meat, "*Cow* is a very interesting word--Etymologically, I mean. The corresponding Sanskrit word *pasu*, Latin *pecu* is derived from Indo-germanic *pecu*. *Pecu* developed into *fehu* in Germanic by Grimm's Law, and *fehu* became *feoh* in Old English (by back umlaut) and *fee* in Modern English. (I had not attended my morning class in vain). Interesting, isn't it? Very. When all is said you must admit that the study of philology has got some real thrill in it. And Anglo Saxon literature contains much that is highly poetic. Take for instance the description of the Swimming match with Breca in 'Beowulf'

"Wado weallende; wedera cealdost
nipendi niht......"

But I forget the lines, though it is a shame that one should ever forget them after reading the poem once. Wait a minute. I will get you the passage straight.

And I stretched out my hand to reach my copy of Wyatt on the shelf. This was the final blow—in fact it was more than that, it was stabbing an enemy already dead. My friend could not endure it a moment longer. He pleaded a headache (poor duffer! I really had given him one) and fled—never to return.

And now—I dream of a decent second, instead of a doubtful 'recom.'

Short Story:

Evolution of an Artist.

IT was a dull sultry afternoon in the hot month of May; the very stones smelt of sunshine though a shower was still falling.

There was a rap at the door, and it promptly opened disclosing a marvellous head with such a happy growth of hair that it irresistibly reminded you of the "Puss" which you might see hanging behind the "rear glass" of grand limousines. This unusual head was supported on a tall neck around which was tightly tied an ultra-fashionable cravat. The face was a healthy plump one, tortoise-shell spectacled, of course, to suit the requirements of the present day. This face was known to many as that of Mr. K's—. All knew him—bankers, jewellers, upholsterers, barbers, bakers, presidents of all societies and secretaries of several associations. Dogs knew him,—those members of the canine race who are as firm as our policemen on "point duty", and who refuse to move even at the varied sounds produced by electric horns and other noisy contrivances. His footfalls were to them signs of coming misfortune; his cane, the devil in disguise.

His friend Mr. P. had called to him from the outside and so he opened the window to parley with his "pal". Just before doing this, with a grace unusually natural and perfected by practice, his left hand stole over his unkempt crop to set it in position while his right hand flew to his neck to adjust his tie.

"I say old chap, you're getting on roaringly well", exclaimed Mr. P— "your claim for damages . . . . er . . . . it was marvellous."

"Thanks very much, it only needs some brains. Few would have done so well" said Mr. K— with legitimate pride.

Mr. P— had always a great admiration for Mr. K—. He was just then wondering how such a flowing wide-end tie could wriggle under such a collar as was worn by Mr. K—. In his young days he had seen his Drawing master use these snake-like things, long tape - like ones, forcibly tied round his neck over an oil-smeared collar. This article, on days when he came in "Kool-Nek" shirts functioned as a belt. Its latter office was an honorary one, but this struck Mr. P— as a point in the Drawing-master's thrift worthy of imitation. Neck ties and Kerchieves are alike uninteresting except to those of Mr. P-'s type. But we digress.

The famous claim for damages was in every one's mouth. Mr. K— had had a small accident while travelling in a railway train; he had claimed damages from the company. That was all; and he suddenly became rich, very rich, in fact too rich. With this fortune, the artist in him grew more and more active. Even while at school, (for he never had the misfortune to go to a college or a university) he would draw the likeness of his masters on little or no provocation. Now, more paper, pencil, and other articles were available—and he was a banker.

His bungalow had already been well furnished. Now it was full of settees, pedestals, music stools,

cumbrous wireless sets, unwieldy pianofortes, unmanageable walking sticks, umbrellas of all kinds and hats of every description. Bootrails, coatstands, wash stands, china, silver spoons were the common features. Pictures and portraits were many; tapestries there were, purchased at a high price. It was all art.

At the cosmopolitan club, a Europe-returned "Gounden" who had spent a good deal of time and money in Italy studying art suggested that Mr. K— would be giving completeness to his mansion by erecting the fascinating statue of the Venus De Milo before his magnificent portico.

A month passed; Venus De Milo arrived at "Tintern Abbey" (for that was Mr. K-'s mansion)—armless. The patron of art was bewildered, for it puzzled him to think how such a fine figure could be armless. "Gounden" too swore that the Venus De Milo had suffered and that he had seen statues, in fact less famous ones, with four arms in Nataraja's temple at Chidambaram. Mr. K—, his artist-friend, and like-minded members of the Cosmopolitan Club concluded that the goddess had suffered during the journey by the railway train from the Bombay harbour to Madras.

The next month, the leading papers of our province were full with news of a case in which Mr. K— had claimed damages to the extent of many thousands from the railway company for maiming the said statue. The railway company had a reputation that must be saved. So, brilliant advocates were engaged on both sides.

In the end, however, Mr. K-'s case failed. By this law suit he lost all that he had earned through his

first innings and almost the whole of what his miserly father had left him. He was left with a beggarly hundred rupees. In his bungalow now lives Mr. C— a portentous mass of flesh; Mr. K— is now a travelling salesman.

He no longer appears in the light tweeds which suited him so well. Instead he is wrapped in mighty yards of "Khadi". Around his neck hangs a long strip of "Khadi" with dainty designs of coloured flowers. By chance his spectacles fell down and broke. That was the limit. This downhill process went on steadily in scientific accordance with Newton's law of Motion. He now wears only silver-rimmed spectacles, a true sign of decline and recent misfortune.

If by any chance, you happen to be walking along China-bazaar road or lingering near Joonus Sait's, you will be tapped gently on the shoulder. Turn round, and you will see the plump face with the silver-rimmed spectacles contentedly resting near the tip of the nose, held in position by the added security of a long piece of twine. The eyes, why, the whole face will implore you not to buy anything foreign. A look of agony will light up that otherwise happy face if it suspects a foreign cloth admirer. It is Mr. K— and in his spare hours, he is engaged in foreign cloth boycott. It is the self-same man who, with his altered fortunes turned patriot. And art had done it.

R. SITARAMAN.

N. B.—Venus De Milo is a statue without arms.

On Being Henpecked

I love to be henpecked, because I know it pays a man to be so. Socrates was a great philosopher and on the testimony of Steele we understand that he is the "undoubted head of the sect of henpecked husbands." Only great men like myself can understand the efficacy of being henpecked. The cry of sages and philosophers alike seems to be 'Blessed be the soul that is henpecked.'

The henpecked man often rides behind his wife and lets her wear the spurs and govern the reins. Who would not delight to share in such a delightful state of affairs? Man after all requires somebody to guide him and why should it not be his wife more than anybody else? Did not Ruskin say "In her, ... through all the world's warfare he must find his peace" and was he not right when he said "From her through all the world's clamour he should find his praise." Dear me and dearer her. My appeal is only to those who are fortunate enough to have been married—for cursed be the lot of those to whom connubial bliss is yet unknown. Why don't you allow yourselves to be henpecked and enjoy the blissful state of being . . . . . . I shall not say what; comprehend it yourself. I am sure that Dryden was happy when he said "was ever a deity so henpecked as I am". If Dryden could afford to be henpecked and still be a great poet why should I not be and be great in my own humble sphere? It is true that Dryden backslided at the end of his life, for did he not write on his wife's tombstone:

> Here lies my wife, here let her lie;
> She's now at peace, and so am I.

How often I see before me the vision of an obedient henpecked husband ever entrusting himself to the care of his beloved wife. Should you not be henpecked for the simple reason that she is your better half. Days are changing and women are getting the upper hand of us, and rightly too. The modern woman does not want to be a 'creature'. And who but pessimists can doubt that an "Age of Henpecked Husbands" is not far off. I am an optimist myself and I hope—piously—to see you all as henpecked as myself. If you don't allow yourself to be henpecked I would only say—Take the consequences. Your love won't prosper. To be henpecked is a virtue and you know, it pays better than any of the other seven deadly virtues.

'Henpecking' is an art and it is not difficult to learn it. I dare say, a course or two from a henpecked husband would put anybody on the right way.

I really feel for those belladonnas who are incapable of henpecking their husbands, And to them I will only say:

> "Ah! Gentle Dames, it gars me great,
> To think how mony counsels sweet,
> How mony lengthen'd advises,
> The husband froe the wife despises.

In contempt I cry. "Fie at those intolerable husbands."

Did not Shakespeare himself 'admit the soft impeachment' by conferring the masculine name 'Hero' upon Claudio's betrothed in 'Much Ado' as a term of disapprobation for her lack of henpecking

propensities? Nay, was not Adam himself compelled to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge by the spouse of his bosom?

Some of you men, may fear to avow that you are already henpecked lest public opinion may jeer at you. Such men who have no conception of things beautiful I call hypocrites. After all they are men who know very little about the aesthetics of henpecking. Still probe deep into their hearts.

"........ Oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform '*me*' truly have they not henpeck'd you all."

—*Henpecked Husband.*

The Patriot's Dream

Beyond the prison bars the sky;
  Behind, the dreary cell;
His head between his hands he sat
  Tortured in sorrow's spell,
"How long, O Lord!" and looking up
  A moonbeam on him fell.

And gazing long, his soul was loosed
  And sped on wings of gold;
Free as the air, and strong as thought
  That none in check can hold;
Through ghostly mists of night it sped
  To realms of joy untold.

To realms begirt with jasper seas
  And hills of emerald green,
Where pearly waters laughed and rolled
  On sands of golden sheen,
And sun and moon looked down in love
  Upon the lovely scene.

No alien hand the sceptre held,
  Nor shook the fiery sword,
No tyrant's shadow darkened there,
  Nor shouts of tumult roared,
No lord in pride oppressed the man
  Nor robbed his little hoard.

And freedom was not but a word,
For Love sat on the throne,
A happy race in homage sang
A symphony unknown,
His soul was mingled with their souls,
He was no more alone.

The cell was widened to a world,
And space and time were gone,
For his was triumph while he dreamed,
Not they but he had won,
And with that happy multitude
He too went singing on.

Corona.

"An Encounter of Love"

BY

"R. A. F."

THE longed-for day has come. To-day the staff is playing the students in a game of football. With anxious eyes students and lecturers scan the clock. Will five o'clock never come?

At last! The football field is crowded, and amidst the greatest excitement the game begins. The ball once centred, very soon finds itself almost entirely in the hands—I beg your pardon—between the legs of the students. The game circles mainly round the Staff-Goal—one could almost imagine a faint shout of Ringa-ringa-roses! A goal seems on the verge of coming off: but with a superb effort the staff's left back kicks the ball outside. The staff goalie is a sturdy man—enbonpoint—as the Froggies say, and now he stands poised to kick the ball. In hushed silence the audience waits to see the ball soar up in a mighty curve. Nothing however happens and it trickles slowly towards the inside left. Wild with delight he frolicks madly round the ball executing several graceful turns—but it is useless; the ball, become wily, skillfully evades his efforts and bent on more amorous

Left half back......kicks her with a mighty effort.

encounters, attaches itself to the right-half's cheek in a passionate kiss. He apparently is too cold. —So like the fickle thing she is, she swerves towards the centre forward. But he, shocked at this shameless behaviour, virtuously strikes the wretched thing aside—the whistle blows—"Hands"! This drastic treatment angers the ball and she sulkily rolls away towards the boundary no longer wanting to play—but two gallants are already racing towards the wanton. They reach her neck and neck, shoulder to shoulder. They are the staff's left back and the students' outside right. The latter is the lucky man. Overcome with shame and disappointment the staff's left back throws himself on the warm sward and finds consolation in kissing with tender longing the virgin grass!

Kissing with tender longing the virgin grass

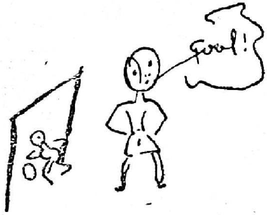
But two others are now lost in the same ecstatic gestures! But this time it is a love for natural science, the intense curiosity for little things that marks the genius. With eyes and face glued to the ground the staff's outside right and the students' left half are apparently lost in the mysteries that surround termites or perhaps they have found something to disprove the law of gravitation. Sadder but in no way wiser they rise. The game continues. Someone's Kudimy

has come undone. When will these bohemian artistic people remember themselves! The ball meanwhile, once more in amorous mood, takes a violent fancy for the staff's goalie and cannons into his chest. He is game and for a few seconds a hushed silence ensues; all eyes are on the passionate couple lost in ecstatic embrace. Suddenly deafening shouts and claps rend the air. A tall philosophic-looking man in white rushes into the field to the rescue of his brethren. He soon makes all attempts at scoring futile! Time! The whistle goes affording a breather to the panting players. Excitement now manifests itself. The local ambulance corps has arrived, the "Surgeon General" appearing in person to attend to the dead and dying. However nothing more than a bruised elbow and cut forehead are found and the second half begins with renewed vigour.

The staff right — half comes thundering down the track. His rival in love, terrified, kicks his mistress out of the field. However the ball seems to enjoy this treatment and thoroughly enjoys herself rushing hither and thither

Right-half...thundering down the track

enticing her slaves to capture her! The players, now thoroughly aroused, frantically scramble about on hands and knees determined to make captive the flaunting wanton. "Crash" one of the student players has caught her on his chin! let's hope he's shaved! After some more excitement, dodging half back and back she once more manifests her preference for the staff goalie. While the two are lost to the world around them, intently gazing into each other's eyes a mad rush follows and the ball finds herself in between the posts—goal! But no! the eagle eye of the referee has caught one of the students sneaking an off-side. With stern gesture he blows the whistle. Justice must be done. The ball, nothing daunted, makes another determined effort to reach her lover. This time however the staffs left half is on the 'qui vive'; prompted by jealousy and disgust, exasperated by the shameless behaviour of the ball in evading him he kicks her with a mighty effort towards his goalie. The ball rises in a graceful curve and sails over the top bar—he has taken good care to lift it (?) Well saved? The game proceeds. Several Kudimys have come undone—a sure sign that things are becoming desperate. The students however with lordly



"Offside!" Justice must be done

disdain refuse to take advantage of the penalty and corners that offer themselves. She, tired of reaching the staff goalie, allows the philosophic new-comer to carry her along in the opposite direction. "A last minute goal!" We all shout. His valiant effort is in vain—the whistle blows announcing the end of the game. Three cheers for the staff teem!

"R. A. F."

These Horrible Examinations

I dread the coming of March and September—I shake—I shiver—I grow moody. Do you know why? Perhaps not...I have got the ill-luck to be an examiner. It brings me some jingling coins—no...some rustling paper, for metal has become scarce—but it is the price of my soul. I have to sell my soul to Satan every time I set a paper. The respective lecturers should know the standard of their students, their likes, their dislikes, the important questions and their answers more than I possibly can know; but distance and lack of opportunity for coming into contact with them hinder me at every turn. I have to set questions on topics which I studied decades and decades ago. I do not know the way in which they are taught now and how they are understood and appreciated. The syllabus is vague—vague as John Bull's explanations and statements—comprising everything and comprising nothing.

An examination is intended to find out what the student has read. But, generally, it so happens that we try to discover, and with no small success, what the student has not read. Lacking the personal contact we greatly need with the students and the subjects taught, we take a book, go on turning the pages and put a question here and a question there. It is due to this that luck plays a prominent part in the examinations. It so happened one year that I gave a question taken from the Tripos papers. I found, after the bulk of the returns had come, that no one had answered it and neither could I. The question was considered as not

having been given, and those who had wasted their time over it were the worse for it. It was solved in a journal three years afterwards; but that is another story.

If I am a master of the subject in which I am examining I have a serious handicap. Knowing the field thoroughly I expect the same from others and ask intricate questions which are not answered. If I am lenient, some old fanatics of education raise a hue and cry saying that the standard of modern education is falling rapidly. If I set a tough paper, a number of 'Letters to the Editor' appear in every paper, written by parents or authorities. They are not aware that what is wanted (if at all anything is wanted) is honest answers to jugde of the efficiency of the various students, and there is nothing like a standard answer......Everything is relative.

When the answers come for marking it is the same sad story again. We are pressed for time and we mortgage our souls yet further to Satan. We read half the answers in some, occasionally even three quarters, the first page and the last page in others, a line here and an occasional question there, see the handwriting in these, the symmetry of the number of the candidate in those, but the whole answers in none......and we give marks. We send back the papers and luck decides the whole life and career of the students.

Just to give you an idea of how my mood is the deciding factor I will give you an incident that occurred :—

I generally ask one of my students to help me in correcting the papers. His business is to go

through the papers in part and give his idea of the answer while I recline in an easy-chair 'wool-gathering.' He handed me a paper and told me that the boy deserved nineteen marks. Fortunately for him my wife came from the room smiling, with my child Kamala laughing with glee, hugged close to her heart. I gave the paper ninety marks and kissed the child. Another day, my student handed me a paper asking me to give the boy sixty and unfortunately for the examinee, just at that time a scorpion stung my Kamala and she wailed. I gave the paper a clean zero and marks ranging from five to fifteen to every paper that I happened to have on hand, and so ended the correction.

Now Reader, you will be in a position to understand why I hate these horrible Examinations. When I hate them it is no wonder that the students hate them. They are neither a test of intelligence, nor a test knowledge, nor a test of memory as so many think, but a test of luck.

From ghoulies and ghosties
And long legged beasties
(Not to mention Examinations)
And things that go 'bomp' in the night
Good Lord deliver us.

'AN EXAMINER.'

My Lot !!!

THE fifteenth of March, Nineteen hundred and thirty-two, was to exalt me to the heights of Croesus and fling me into the rose-bed of luxury. The primrose path of dalliance leading into the very Temple of the Dollar was to be suddenly revealed to me on that very date. For, did I not have a lottery receipt that almost assured me of Rs. 10,000 —that gave me nightly dreams of rainbow-coloured hopes—and constantly reminded me of a peacock-hued future? I knew that God was really on my side and that Madame Fortune had put me down in her good books. The small voice within me prompted "Thine is that Prize."

My village was two miles away from the post office and on that memorable day I set out early on a pilgrimage towards that Mecca of my heart. Happily, that familiar face of the postman carrying with him that romantic time-honoured bag, in which was bound the very essence of my soul was visible in the dim distance. Is it a mirage that I see before me? Is it merely sunshine and sand after all! Is it all moonshine! No. It is nothing if not a real human figure—that of the postman Krishnan approaching me.

Alas! all the dreams, all the castles of Spain which I so proudly built were razed to the ground by his ominous 'No'. With my tears scarcely dry, I wrote to distant Satankulam, where my lot should have been sealed. "Postponed to May" was the curt reply that I received.

Even in the height of agony, I have some pity for my readers and I spare them the description of the two painful months that followed. Disappointment again......" Enquiry "........." Postponed to July for want of funds".

July came and my rosy hopes. The dream was re-enacted in my mind. Disappointment turns even fondest hopes into angry despair. With pistol hands, vomitting fire and threatening prosecution, I shot down a letter to that Arch-Humbug. Two days after I got an M. O. in which the following was written. "Returning hereby your eight annas. *Please don't tell your friends.*"

My hair suddenly grown white, I now-a-days prefer to sink into obscurity and fade into the very limbo of Oblivion.

> "My nights and days I like to spend,
> In mossy cells with owls as friends."

N. SUNDARESAN.

Poetry and Philosophy

THE aim of this article is to express the relation between poetry and philosophy; to show that they are not incompatible and that they have a common end. To a superficial observer this may appear strange; but it is a fact and it is supported by historical and traditional evidence. What is philosophy? and what is poetry? What are their spheres? Do they serve a common purpose? What use have they for humanity at large? And wherein do they differ? These are some of the questions which present themselves to an enquirer.

Definitions are for the most part unsatisfactory and treacherous, and definitions of poetry and philosophy are proverbially so. Philosophy is a branch of knowledge which tries to enter into the bottom of things and to embrace the whole of things. It is an attitude or disposition of mind as well as a system of ideas. It is a theory of the universe. It is a deliberate affront upon common-sense and it is proverbially unintelligible. It has a language of its own, quite different from the language of the street. Hence, to the average man in his average moments, the philosopher's vision will be out of focus. It is essentially creative and so contrary to habit; it is mainly systematic and therefore cannot be divided, but must be apprehended as a whole by a single mind.

Common-sense assumes the difference between reality and appearance and recognises that in the realit yof one appearance, may in turn, be appearance of an ulterior reality; philosophy insists on the need of

conceiving a reality that is not itself an appearance at all, but is an ultimate reality. Common-sense admits the distinction between cause and effect and recognises that the cause of one object may in turn be the effect of an ulterior cause; philosophy proclaims the need of postulating a cause, that is not itself an effect at all, but is an ultimate cause. In other words, all the philosophical questions are quite familiar to the ordinary man. The difference lies in the thoroughness, in the obstinacy, in the fanatical and disquieting glitter of the eye with which the philosopher reiterates them. The best praise of philosophy was written by John Milton:

> "How charming is divine philosophy !
> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
> But musical as is Apollo's lute
> And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Shakespeare speaks of philosophy very highly as "adversity's sweet milk."

It is the very essence of philosophy to question and shake the most fundamental assumptions, raise doubts, challenge authorities, break habits and depart from customs. All these may be strange and unsound to the man in the street. Common-sense and average intellect cannot tackle the metaphysical questions. A great amount of severe mental discipline is the necessary requisite for philosophical solutions. Reason reigns in the spiritual arena of philosophy, because it is mainly contemplative. Philosophy will reveal its truth only to the wise and the experienced, well-tutored and well-disciplined. Hence it is the sole possession of the sages and the savants.

If it is so, how can the ordinary man, devoid of high learning, become aware of the high philosophical truths? Is he to be ignorant of their noble ideals? No—He need not be. There is "divine poetry" to disclose the precious philosophical ideals to everyone. It is a "speaking picture", as Simonides of Athens says, and its function is the interpretation of life. It aims, as Hegal maintains, at presenting in forms for the imagination, features of the ultimate ideal of the harmonised universe. It is most philosophical in character, according to Aristotle. Its purpose is to give a complete view of reality. Truth is its goal.

"He spoke of poetry, and how
Divine it was—a light, a love—
A spirit which like wind doth blow
As it listeth, to and fro
A dew rained from God above,
A power which comes and goes like dream,
And which none can ever trace—
Heaven's light on earth—Truth's brightest beam." (Shelly)

"More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry" says Arnold. Again, he continues, that poetry offers us "the breadth and finer spirit of knowledge" It withdraws our thoughts far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife and lifts our souls to higher levels. It is not a work, but it is an outburst or an effluence, as Browning puts it. It helps the soul to enter into its natural home—the kingdom of freedom and beauty, where all are sovereigns and none subjects.

A poet cannot help feeling joy when he sees the natural beauties and wonders of the world. He must represent the world as it is with all its ups and downs, but in the end he must conclude that beneath all this running sea of circumstances there is one thing stable and permanent; that is, his aim must be reconciliation. As Milton says, the omnipotence of God as revealed in religion and in profane history, and the spiritual and worldly experiences of humanity—these poetry shall "paint and describe." It is the very image of life, expressing its truth and grandeur. "Poetry is a mirror, which makes beautiful that which is distorted." According to Carlyle, "it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a poet." "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings"; the daughter of joy and wonder.

Philosophy will argue and advise; religion commands and exhorts; but poetry pleases and delights. The philosopher shows logically that all discord is harmony; that there is unity in diversity. The poet asserts that there is a soul of goodness in things evil. Both are creative and constructive, meditative and soul-inspiring. Fidelity to the soul is the principle of all true poetry. According to Tennyson, poetry must embody an ideal vision or a true philosophy. It is a criticism and an interpretation of life; so too is philosophy.

While both philosophy and poetry have a common end in view, they attain reality by divergent methods. Philosophy presents a synoptic vision, a bird's-eye-view as it were, gathering all the aspects of the universe. Poetry aims at catching the vision which sees the things of the beauty of the world as

a whole. For philosophy, the world is rational; for poetry, it is beautiful. The former is the temple of truth, while the latter is the shrine of beauty. Yet, the two are not antagonistic because truth is beauty and beauty, truth. The Rishis of ancient India were all poet-philosophers.

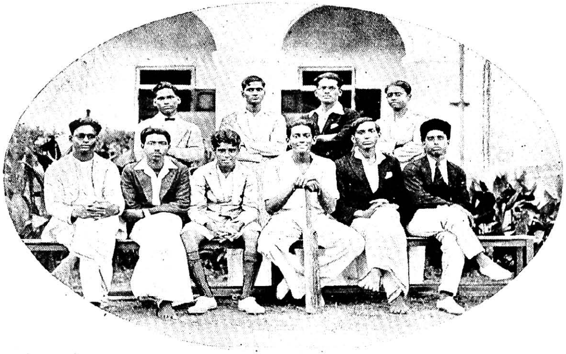
As a medium of instruction, poetry is better than philosophy. For, philosophy will appeal only to the reasonable and intellectual man who have plenty of leisure. Poetry will make itself clear and distinct even to the tiller of the soil and the tender of the cattle. By its music and melody, poetry enforces consent, disarms criticism, and overpowers the soul. But philosophy weighs and measures, argues and analyses, and then gives the final judgment. The highly noble and abstruse notions of Hindu religion and philosophy are expressed in the sweet songs of the Tamil Saints. The devotional and poetic literature of our motherland is embodied in poetry and music. The epic poems of Ramayana and Mahabaratha instruct the peasant and the professor, the dullard and the dean alike in the main outlines and the fundamental ideas of our religion and philosophy. By making truth live in the beautiful form of poetry, the poet brings his ideas to every man. Poetry is nothing but versified philosophy. As Plutarch considers that poetry should initiate us into philosophy, the writings of Rabindranath Tagore, the poems of Bharthrihari, Jayadeva's Gita- Govinda, Milton's and Shakespeare's sonnets are opening our eyes to the possibilities of spiritual life and of philosophical contemplation.

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares."

"Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs;
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!"

V. MUTHUSUBRAMANIAN.

Some Winning Teams in the Intra-Mural Tournament 1931-1932



Some Winning Teams in the Intra-Mural Tournament 1931-1932

அகவழகும் முகவெழிலும்

(இன்பம்)

என்னே அழகின் மாட்சி! எவரே அழகை விரும்பார்? அழகு தன் னின்னொளி பரப்பி விளங்குங்கால் அவ்வொளி யின்பத்தாழ்ந்து திளைக்காதார் யாவர்? அதன் பொலிவு கண்டு வியப்பெய்தார் எவர்? அழகின்பத்தி லாழா நெஞ்சமும், அவ் வின்பத்தினை ஒரு பெருங் கொள்கைக் கடிப்படையாக நினையாத உள்ளமுங் கொண்டோர் மக்களினத்திற் சேர்க்கப்படுதற் குரிமையிலாராவர் எனல் மிகையாகாது. அன்னாரை நெஞ்ச மிலார் எனலுந் தகும்.

அழகை இத்தகையதென வரம்பொடு வாய்பாடிட்டு விளக்கலரிதாகும். “ஒவ்வொரு பொருளும் ஒவ்வோர் வகையி லழகுடையது” என்றார் ஓர் யவன அறிஞர். எனினும் உலகில் காணப்படும் பொருள் யாவும் அழகுடையன என்று முடிவு கட்டலும் அழகன்று. ஆதலின் அழகுக்கும் ஓர் வகை வாய்பாடு தந்து கோடல் ஏற்புடையதாகும். பொதுவாக எப் பொருட்கும் ஓர் வரம்பிருக்கவேண்டுமல்லவா? ஓர் வரம்பிற் குள்ளேதான் ஒழுங்கும் அமைதியும் நிலவ இடமுண்டு. ஒழுங் கையும் அமைதியையும் தன்னுட்கொள்ளு மழகும் ஓர் வரம்பிற் குட்படல் தக்கதே யாகும்.

அழகு பெரிதும் விளக்கம் பெறுமிடம் யாண்டெனின், கவர்ச்சி வாழிட மெனலாம். எனவே அழகின் றன்மை கவருந் தன்மை யாகும். எப்பொருள் ஒருவனுடைய உள்ளத்தைத் தன்னகப்படுத்தி, அவனை வியப்பும் ஆர்வமும் எய்தச் செய்யு மாற்றல் கொண்டுள்ளதோ, அவனுக் கப்பொருள் அழகுடைய தாகும். அப்பொருளின் அழகு உயர்ந்ததா தாழ்ந்ததா என் பது அதன் கவர்ச்சியில் ஒருவன் ஈடுபடும் பொழுதையும் செறி வையும் பொறுத்ததாகும். உயர்தன்மை வாய்ந்த அழகு ஒருவன் நெஞ்சினை நெடும் பொழுது தன்னொடு பிணிக்கும்

ஆற்றல் பெற்றதாகும். அதன் கவர்ச்சி மிக்க செறிவுடையதாயிருக்கும். பேரழ கொருவனைத் தொடர்பறுது வலிக்குங் கவர்ச்சிகொண்டு திகழும். கடவுளிடத் தன்பு, அருங் காதல் போன்றன ஒப்பில்லழகின் கவர்ச்சியின்பாற் படுவன. ஒருவன் தான் வாழ்நாளெல்லாம் அழகின்பத்தில் மூழ்கிவிடுதல் கூடும். பெருங் கொள்கைகளை யடியாய்க்கொண்ட அன்பிற்குத்தான் அத்தகைய இன்பம் தந்து கவருமாற்றலுண்டு. அன்பு உண்மை யழகின்பாற் படும். தன் தலைவியிடத்தே காணப்பெறும் அழகில் ஆழ்ந்து, அவளொடு கூடும் தலைவன் செய்கை ஒரு பெருங் கொள்கையதாகும். அக்காதல் கடவுளொடு ஒன்றுபடும் அன்பர் செய்கையை அறிவுறுத்துவதாகும். பேரழகிடத்துப் பேரன்புண்டு. அன்பின் கட்டு அழகின் காட்சியாகும்.

மக்கள் அழகு ஒரே தன்மைத்தன்று. அதனை இரண்டு பெரும் பிரிவுகளாக்கலாம். ஒன்று புற வழகு; மற்றொன்று அக வழகு. புற வழகு வெளித் தோற்றத்தைக்கொண்டு நிலவும்; அக வழகு உள்ளாற்றலைத் தனக் கடிப்படையாகக் கொண்டு விளங்கும். இரண்டில் அகவழகே பெருமையும் உயர்வும் கொண்டதாகும். எனினும் அகம் புறம் ஆகியவற்றின் அழகுகள் ஒன்றிய இடத்தில் உவமை காணா அழகு மிளிரும். அத்தகைய அரிய சேர்க்கையைக் காண்பதரிது. ஏனெனின் அத்தகைய ஒப்பில்லழகு கடவுட்டன்மை வாய்க்கப் பெற்றதாகும். உலகில் கடவுட்டன்மை எய்தியோர் மிகச் சிலர்.

புறவழகு மட்டும் பெற்று அகத்தே அழகிலார் மிக வருந்தற்குரியோ ராவர். இயற்கை இவ்வழியில் மக்களை ஏமாற்றிவிட்டதெனலாம். உள்ளே இழிந்த தன்மை கொண்டு, வெளித் தோற்றத்தால் பிறரை மயக்கும் மக்கள் மக்கட்கூட்டத்திற்குப் பெருந் தீங்கு விளைப்போ ராவர். அவர்க்கும், தன் வெளித் தோற்றத்தால் கண்டாரை மயக்கித் தனக் குணவாக்கிக் கொள்ளும் 'அயனு' என்னும் தீய விலங்கிற்கும் யாது வேற்றுமை? புற வழகு மட்டும் பயன் கொடாது. அவ்வழகு

சென்னை-600 005.
147731

நச்சுப்பல் நல்லபாம்பி னழகை யொத்திருக்கக்கூடும். ஆதலின் மக்கள் வெளியழகை மட்டும் நம்புதல் அறிவுடைமையாகாது. பூச்சிகளும் விளக்கொளி கண்டு மயங்கி அதனுள் வீழ்ந்து மாய்கின்றன.

அகத்தழகு முகத்தில் தெரியும் என்பர். இது ஓர் உண்மைக் கூற்ருகும். அக வழகு தன்மட்டில் நில்லாது புறத்தையும் அழகுடையதாக்குகின்றது. மற்றும் அழகில், அதாவது அகவழகில் தாழ்ந்தோர் தெரிந்து தம்மக வழகைப் பண்படுத்திக்கொள்ளவும் உதவுகின்றது. உள்ளழகு வெறுந் தோற்றத்தை யடியாய்க் கொண்டதன்று. அது அறிவு, அன்பு, அருள் போன்ற நற்பெரும் பண்புகளைத் தனக்கடிப்படையாகக் கொண்டு விளங்கும். உள்ளழகு வாய்ந்தார் பெருமை அவர்கள் வெளித் தோற்றத்திலுங் கலந்து நிற்கும். ‘அருள் வழியு முகம்’, ‘அறிவு செறிந்த நோக்கு’, ‘அன்பு கெழுமிய சொல்’ முதலிய சொற்ருெடர்களை வழங்குங்கால் நாம் கருதுவதென்ன? அத் தொடர்கள் கொண்டுள்ள பொருள் தோற்றத்தில், அதாவது முகத்தில், பார்வையில், சொல்லில் உண்டென்பதா? இல்லை. தோற்றத்திற்கு அருளோ, அன்போ, அறிவோ கிடையா. தோற்றத்தைப்பற்றி நாம் வழங்கும் அத்தொடர்களின் பொருள் உள்ளழகு வாய்ந்த பெரியாரின் அகத்தழகின் றன்மையைக் குறிக்கின்றது. இது உருவத்தின் வழி கடவுளைக் குறிப்பதுபோலாம். அறிவுடையார் தோற்றத்தின் வழிமுதலைக் காண்பர். அறிவு குறுகியோர் தோற்றத்தளவு நின்றுவிடுவர். அதனுல் அவர் இடர்ப்பட நேர்கின்றது. அகத்தழகின் றன்மையுணராதாரே தோற்றத்தில் மயங்கி நிலை கலங்குகின்ருர். அகத்தழகு பெருமை பெற்றுப் பொலியுமிடமெல்லாம் அமைதியும் நன்மையும் வாழிடமாம். அதனுல் அகவழகு பெரிதும் போற்றற் குரியதாகும். மக்கள் வாழ்க்கையும் உயரிய தன்மைத்தான அகவழகைத் தேடும் வழியில் செலுத்தப்படவேண்டும். மயக்க நீக்கம் பெறின் தோற்றவன்மை குன்றும்.

ஒருவன் புறத் தோற்றத்தை மாற்ற நினைத்தல் பெருந் துன்ப வழியாகும். அது உலகையே அன்றி மாற்ற எண்ணுகின்றவனையும் ஏமாற்றும் வழியாகும். புலித்தோல் போர்த்து நெடுநாள் வாழல் இயலாது. எத்தகைய முயற்சி செய்யினும் ஒருவன் தன்மையை மறைத்துவைத்தல் இயலாததாகும். இதனால் பிறரை மயக்கத் தம்முடைய தோற்றத்தை வேறுபடுத்திக் காட்ட முயல்வோர் தம்மையே ஏமாற்றிக் கொள்கின்றார்.

ஆனால் உள்ளழகைத் திருத்திப் பெருக்கி மிளிரும்வண்ணம் செய்வதரிதெனினும் இயல்வதாகும். பொய்யுரையே பகர்வானொருவன் வாய்மை கடைப்பிடித்தொழுகல் இயல்வதொன்றே. பழக்கம் வழக்கமாகவும், முயற்சி பயிற்சியாகவும், செயல் இயல்பாகவும் மாறிவிடும். அகவழகு உறுதிபெறின் தோற்றம் யாதோர் முயற்சியுமின்றித் தானே உள்ளழகைப் பொழிந்து நிற்கும். இதனால் அகத்தழகுதான் நன்மை பயப்பதென்பதும், உயர்வினையளிப்பதென்பதும், பேணற்குரியதென்பதுந் தெளிவு.

இறுதியாக, எங்கு அறிவு விளங்குகின்றதோ அங்கெல்லாமழகு தோன்றும். எங்கு அன்பு மலர்கின்றதோ அங்கு அழகொழுகும். எங்கு அருள் சுரக்கின்றதோ அங்கு அழகு பிறக்கும். அழகினைத் தேடல் கடவுளைத் தேடலாம். செம்மை சான்ற பெரியார்க்கே அழகு காட்சி யளிக்கின்றது; அவரிடம் உறைகின்றது; தண்ணிய தாயாய் ஆறுதலளிக்கின்றது. அழகின்பத்தினுங்கு விழுமிய இன்பம் இல்லை யெனலாம். இன்பப் பேற்றை வேண்டி நிற்கும் மக்கள் அழகில் தம் விருப்பத்தை முடித்துக்கொள்ளலாம். "எழிலுடைப் பொருளே என்றும் இன்பம்", என்றார் புலவ ரொருவர். எனவே அழகிற் சிறந்த பொருளிலது. அறிவு, அன்பு, அருள், அழகு எல்லாம் ஒன்றே எனலாம். அழகே கடவுள். கடவுளே அழகு.

இன்பம்.

இலவச டிக்கட்டு

வடலூர் வெங்கப்பய்யர் என்றால் அழுகிற பிள்ளை வாய் மூடும். அவரை யார் பூசனிக்காய் என்று கூப்பிட்டாலும் கோபங்கொள்ளார். கொஞ்சம் சதைப் பிடிப்பு உள்ளவராயிருந்தாலும் பலம், தைரியம் இவைகள்மட்டும் கிடையா. அவர் ஆங்கில வாஸனையே அறியாதவராயிருந்தபோதிலும் அனுதினமும் அடுத்த வீட்டுக்குப் போய் "ஹிந்து" என்னும் ஆங்கில தினசரியைப் புரட்டிப் பார்க்காமலிரார். கொஞ்சம் கையில் பணமுள்ளவராயிருந்ததால் ஏதோ கொஞ்சம் லேவாதேவி செய்யலாம் என்று எண்ணினார். ஆனால் உண்டியல் கடை வீரப்ப செட்டியார் இன்சால்வென்ட் ஆனவுடன் அந்த எண்ணத்தை அடியோடு விட்டுவிட்டார். பணத்தை ஜாக்ரதையாய் வீட்டிலேயே வைத்துக் காப்பாற்றலானார். அதற்காக அவர் வெளியூர்களுக்கோ உள்ளூரிலேயே எங்கேயாவது போய் வெகு நேரம் தங்கியிருப்பதற்காகவோ போவதில்லை.

அய்யருக்கு இரண்டாந்தாரமாக பொன்னம்மாள் என்று ஒரு பதிவிரதை வந்து சேர்ந்தாள். அவளை எல்லோரும் ஊரில் பொன்னு என்று அழைப்பார்கள். ஐயர் அதிகாரம் எல்லாம் கூலியாட்களிடம்தான் செல்லும். உள்ளே வந்தால் ஐயர் அடங்கி ஒடுங்கி இருக்கவேண்டியதுதான். என்றைக்காவது தப்பித்தவறி சரியான சமயத்தில் வீட்டுக்கு வராமலோ, வம்பு பேசிக்கொண்டோ இருந்துவிட்டால் அன்று ஏகாதசிதான்.

ஒரு நாள் பொன்னுவும் அடுத்த வீட்டு அம்மணிப் பாட்டியும் ஆற்றுக்கு குளிப்பதற்காகப் போயினர். உலக விஷயங்களைப்பற்றிப் பேச்சு முடிந்தபிறகு ஊர் விஷயங்கள் அடுத்தபடியாக எடுத்துக்கொள்ளப்பட்டன. அப்போது பாட்டி "அடி பொன்னு, சிதம்பரத்தில் தசாவதாரம் நடக்கப்போகிறதாம்" என்றாள். உடனே பொன்னுவுக்கு பார்க்கவேண்டுமென்று ஆவலுண்டாகவே "ஏன் பாட்டி எப்போது" என்றாள். உடனே பாட்டி "என்ன போ நாளைக்கு ராத்திரி, பார்க்கக் கொடுத்துவைத்திருக்கவேண்டுமே" என்றாள். உடனே

சரி போகலாம் தயாராக இரு என்று சொல்லிவிட்டு சிவனே என்று ராமஸ்மரணை செய்துகொண்டிருந்த ஐயரிடம் வந்து ஏதோ ஆர்ப்பாட்டம் செய்தாள். உடனே ஐயருக்கு பயங் கண்டுவிட்டது. "சரி போகலாம்" என்று விருப்பத்துக்கு மாறாக சொல்லிவிட்டார். இதுவே அன்று இரவு தூங்காத தற்கு முதல் காரணம்.

ஐயர் காலையில் எழுந்தார்; மனநிம்மதியில்லை. "அடே தரையில் உட்கார்ந்தால்கூட அரையும் அரையும் ஒரு ரூபாய் ஆகுமே எவன் தாலியை அறுத்துக் கொடுப்பது. ஒரு ரூபாய் இருந்தால் எவ்வளவோ செய்யலாமே, என்ன கஷ்டம்" என்று விசனித்தார்.

சாயங்காலம் நாலு மணியிருக்கலாம். ஒரு மனிதன் அவசரமாய் ஓடிவந்து ஐயரிடம் நரஸிம்ம நாயடு கொடுக்கச் சொன்னார் என்று ஒரு கவரைக் கொடுத்தான். அதில் இரண்டு டிராமா டிக்கட்டுகள் இருந்தன. ஒரு துண்டு கடிதத்தில் "நான் ஏன் அனுப்பினேன் தெரியுமா, நாணு" என்று எழுதியிருந்தது. சந்தோஷத்தில் அவர் அதை லக்ஷியஞ் செய்யவில்லை.

பொழுதும் போயிற்று. ஐயர் சாப்பிட்டார். பிறகு பெட்டியை எடுத்து ஒருவருக்கும் தெரியாதபடி நெற்குதிரின் இடுக்கில் வைத்தார். அதற்குள் பொன்னம்மாள் ஒருதரம் வெற்றிலை போட்டு மென்றுவிட்டாள். இருவரும் வெற்றிலை போட்டுக் கொண்டார்கள். பிறகு ஐயர் தன் குடுக்கையை "அசல் ஷண்முகம் பட்டணம் பொடியால்" நிரப்பிக்கொண்டார். வீட்டைப் பூட்டிக்கொண்டு பாட்டி சகிதமாய் இருவரும் "தியேட்டரை" அடைந்தனர்.

ராமன், கிருஷ்ணன், இவர்களுடைய பார்ட் வரும்போதெல்லாம் பாட்டி சாஷ்டாங்க நமஸ்காரம் செய்து வந்தாள். மூவரும் நாடகம் முடிந்தவுடன் வீட்டுக்குச் சென்றனர். அய்யர் வீடு திறந்துகிடந்தது. அய்யருக்கு பாதி உயிர் போய்விட்டது. உள்ளே போய் பெட்டியைத் திறந்தார். அதில் மயிர் பொசுக்கப்பட்ட பூனைக்குட்டி ஒன்று உயிருக்கு மன்றாடிக் கொண்டு கிடந்தது.

R. S. MONYAN, *II Class.*

"அளவளாவிய நண்பர் திரு முகம்"

[ஆங்கிலத்தில் Charles Lamb என்பவர் எழுதிய 'The Old Familiar Faces' என்பதன் மொழிபெயர்ப்பு.]

இளமைப் பருவத் தென்னுடன் களித்து
வளமிகு கலைபயில் மாணவர் குழாத்துள்
நலமிகும் அன்புசேர் நட்பினர் பலவிளை
யாடல் புரிந்தவர் ஆதிய பழமை
நீடியோர் நன்முகம் யாவும் நீங்கின.
நண்ணித் தழுவி நகைத்தள வளாவி
உண்டும் குடித்தும் உரைபல வாடிய
மனமொத்த நண்பர் மலர்முகம் பலவும்
கனவென எண்ணக் கடிதினீங் கினவால்.
முன்ன மோர்கால் முகிழ்நகை மாதருட்
பன்னருஞ் சிறப்பிற் பாவை யொருத்தியை
ஆசிலா வன்புடன் நேசித் தேன்; அந்
நங்கையைக் கண்ணால் நாடவுங் கூடா
தெங்கோ வோர் வயின் இற்செறிப் புற்றனள்;—
பழகினோர் தம்முகம் பலவும் நீங்கினவால்,
கெழுமிய அன்பிற் கிட்டுதற் கரியவோர்
விழைவுறு தோழனை விட்டு விலகினேன்;
செய்ந்நன்றி யறியாச் சிதடனின் நீங்கினேன்;
எந்நன் றிகொலோ! அன்னவற் றணந்து
நட்பினர் முகங்களை நாடுமா வொழிந்தேன்.
இளமையிற் பயின்ற இடங்களிற் பேய்போல்
அலமந் தியங்கினேன். அளியனேன் கடந்தே
ஆவதற் கமைந்த அகனிலப் பரப்பெலாம்
பாவம் ஐயகோ! பாலையாக் கண்டேன்.
பன்னிய அன்பிற் பழகினோர் நன்முகம்
நேடும் வினையினை நேர்ந்துளேன் அம்ம!
மனமொத்த தோழ! மன்னிய உடன் பிறப்
புற்றவர் தம்மினும் உயர்ந்தோய்! எளியேன்
தந்தைதன் இல்வயிற் சார்ந்திலை யேனோ?
எனில், இவன் பழைய வெழிலார் முகங்களை
மனங் கொளப் பேசி மகிழ லாகுமே!
சில்லோர் இறந்தனர்! சில்லோர் தொலைந்தனர்!
சில்லோர் பிரிந்தனர்! எல்லோரும் போயினர்!
பண்டு பழகினோர் முகமெலாம்
விண்டிவ ணிலாது விலகி நீங்கினவே!

ஆர். ஏ. சுப்பிரமணியன்,
IV B. Sc.

ஓர் ஒரு ஆக்டு நாடகம்

பாத்திரங்கள்

ராமலிங்கம்	ஓர் I. C. S. உத்தியோகஸ்தர்
கமலாக்ஷி	அவர் மனைவி
சங்கரய்யர்	ராமலிங்கத்தின் தகப்பனார் 65 வயது
மீனாக்ஷியம்மாள்	அவர் மனைவி 57 வயது
அலமேலு	ராமலிங்கத்தின் அக்கா ; ஓர் விதவை அவளுக்கு 2 குழந்தைகள்

சீன் 1

(ராமலிங்கம் வீட்டில் ஓர் அறை. மத்தியானம் 12 மணி. ராமலிங்கமும், கமலாக்ஷியும் கட்டிலின்மேல் உட்கார்ந்து வெற்றிலை பாக்கு போட்டுக்கொண்டு இருக்கின்றனர்.)

ராம.: இதோ பார் கமலா, நீ ரொம்ப வெற்றிலை பாக்கு போட்டுக்கொள்ளாதே பல்லெல்லாம் சிவப்பேறிவிடும். ஜாக்கிரதை. எப்பொழுதும் பல் வெள்ளை வெளேறென்று இருக்க வேண்டும்.

கமலா: ஆமாம். வெத்தலெ பாக்கு போட்டுக்காவிட்டாத்தான் உங்கம்மா சும்மா இருக்கிறதில்லையே. ஏண்டி! வெத்தலே அங்கேயே துணிலே கட்டி வீணாப்போறதே. அதெத்தான் போட்டுக்குண்டா என்னமாப்போயிடறது. என்ன நாஸூக்கும்மா! அடாடா! "இந்த காலத்துப் பொங்களுக்கு" என்கிறாளே. நான் என்ன பண்றது.

ராம.: அவள் சொன்னால் சொல்லட்டும். நீ போட்டுக் கொண்டால் பல் கெட்டுப்போய்விடும் என்று சொல்லேன்.

கமலா: ஒண்ணும் பேசாதிருக்கும்போதே இப்படி இருக்கு. இன்னும் என்னமானா அப்படி ஏதாவது சொல்லிட்டா போதும். அப்றம் வீட்லே இருக்கவேமுடியாது. அவ்வளவுதான்.

ராம.: என்ன அப்படிப் பேசுகிருய்? என்ன நேர்ந்தது.

கமலா: என்ன சொல்வது! எடுத்ததுக்கெல்லாம் குத்தம் கண்டுபிடிக்கிறதுதான். உங்கக்கா என்னென்ன சொல்ருத் தெரியுமா? உங்களுக்கு எப்படித் தெரியும். அன்னெக்கு நான் ஏதோ பாட்டுப் புஸ்தகம் வெச்சுக்குண்டிருந்தேன். அதெ அவொ கொழந்தெ எடுத்துண்டு போச்சு. அதெ குடுடான்னு சொன்னே. அதுக்கு என்னென்னமோ சொன்ளு. உங்கம்மாவும்கூட சேந்துண்டுட்டா.

ராம.: ஆமாமா! நானுங்கூட இரண்டொரு வேளை இதெல்லாம் காதில் கேட்டிருக்கின்றேன். அப்பாவும் என்னை ஏதாவது சொல்கிருர் சில சமயங்களில். எல்லாம் "ஓல்ட் இடியட்ஸ்", பார்க்கலாம். எல்லாம் தனியாய்ப் போய்விட்டால் இஷ்டப்படி இருக்கலாம்.

(இவர்கள் பேசிக்கொண்டிருக்கும்பொழுது, அலமேலுவின் குழந்தையொன்று வந்து எட்டிப் பார்த்துவிட்டு, கத்த ஆரம்பிக்கிறது. கமலாவும், ராமலிங்கமும் அதை அதட்டி துரத்திவிட்டுக் கதவைத் தாளிட்டுக்கொள்கிருர்கள்.)

ராம.: என்ன தொந்திரவு இந்த வீட்டில்? கொஞ்ச நேரம் நிம்மதியாக உட்கார்ந்துகொண்டு இருக்கலாமென்ருல் முடிகிறதில்லை!

(குழந்தை உள்ளே சென்றதும், அது வெளியே அனுப்பப்பட்டதும் கதவு தாளிடப்பட்டதும் எல்லாவற்றையும் கவனித்துக்கொண்டிருந்த அலமேலுவுக்கு அடங்காத கோபமும் எரிச்சலும் வருகிறது.)

அலமேலு: ஏண்டா, பிச்சு, அங்கென்னடா உனக்கு வேலே? வேணும், நன்ளு வேணும் உனக்கு. அவா ஆமடையான் பொண்டாட்டி ஏதோ குசுகுசுன்னு பேசிண்டிருக்கா, அங்கே ஏண்டா நீ போறே.

(இப்படிச் சொல்லிக்கொண்டு, தானே அந்த குழந்தை முதுகில் இரண்டு அறை வைக்கிருள். அது அலறுகிறது.) வாயெ மூடுரு. அடே. அழாதே. மாமா இருக்காடா. சத். சும்மா இரு.

மீனுக்ஷி: ஏண்டீ கொழந்தையெ அடிக்கிறே. நன்னு இருக்குப் போ. சீ. சும்மா இரு.

அலமேலு: அதென்ன கொழந்தெ அது. கோட்டான். ஆம்படையான் பொண்டாட்டி பேசிண்டிருக்கும்போது ஏ அங்கே போறது.

மீனுக்ஷி: இப்போ என்ன பேச்சு வெச்சிருக்கு. ராத்திரி தான் விடிய விடிய முணுமுணுன்று இருக்காளே. என்ன அநியாயொண்டீ அம்மா! நான் கண்டதுமில்லே, கேட்டது மில்லே, இதுமாதிரி! என்ன ராத்திரியும் பகலுமா பேச்சு, பாழாப்போற பேச்சு! என்ன ராமுவுங்கூட இப்படியாயிட் டானே! ரொம்ப ஆச்சரியமாயிருக்கு எல்லாம் எனக்கு! (சுற் றிப் பார்த்துவிட்டு) சாப்பிட்ட எலெயெ இன்னும் எடுத்து எச்சலிட்ட பாடில்லெ. பேச்சாம், அதுக்குள்ளெ பேச்சு!

(இதையெல்லாம் ராமலிங்கமும், கமலாவும் அறைக்குள்ளிருந்து கேட்டுக்கொண்டிருக்கிருர்கள்.)

ராம.: குட் காட்! என்ன "லைப்" இது. இதைவிட ஒரு நாயின் வாழ்க்கைகூட இனிமையாயிருக்கும் போலிருக் கிறதே. என்ன! ஒருவன் தன்னிஷ்டப்படி $\frac{1}{2}$ மணி நேரம் கூட சுகமாயிருக்கக்கூடாதா? இது உதவவே உதவாது. உடனே சென்று, ஏதாவது செய்து, வேறு எங்கேயாவது மாற்றிச் சென்று, தனியே இருக்கவேண்டும். இனிமேல் இது மாதிரி ஒரு நிமிஷமேனும் இருக்கமுடியாது.

கம.: ஏது! ஏது!! நீங்கள் ஒன்றும் அப்படிச்செய்யப் போவதாகத்தோன்றவில்லை. எல்லாம் ஏதாவது இப்பொழுது பேசுகிறது; பிறகு ஒன்றுமில்லாமல் சும்மா இருந்துடறது. அவ்வளவுதான்.

ராம.: (கதவைத் திறந்துகொண்டே) நான் ஆபீசுக்குப் போகிறேன். கமலா! இன்று சாயங்காலம் டவுன் ஹாலில் Dr. முத்துலெக்ஷ்மி ரெட்டி பேசுகிருள். நீயும் வந்துவிடு, கிருஷ்ணமூர்த்தியுடன். (போகிருன்.)

சீன் 2.

(அன்று சாயங்காலம் 7-மணி. கமலா டவுன் ஹால் மீடிங்குக்குச் சென்றுவிட்டு திரும்புகிறாள்.)

மீனாக்ஷி: என்னடீ கமலா! நன்னாப்போனேபோ, மீடிங்கு மீடிங்குன்னு. என்னவேண்டியிருக்கு இதெல்லாம் பொங்களுக்கு வீட்டுலே காரியம் சோலி எத்தனெ இருக்கு. எல்லாத்தெயும் விட்டுட்டு, கொழந்தே இங்கே கிடந்து கதற்றது; அத்தெ விட்டுட்டு எப்படித்தான் மீட்டிங்குக்கு போனையோ தெரியலே.

கமலா: கொழந்தெ தூங்கிண்டிருந்ததென்னு எழுப்ப வேண்டாமுனு போயிட்டேன். ரொம்ப அழுதுதா என்ன?

அலமேலு: அழறதா, கத்தி தொலச்சுட்டது. அம்மாடீ என்ன அழுகேடீ அது. அதுமாதிரி அழுகேயெ நாங் கேட்டதில்லெ.

மீனாக்ஷி: அதென்னமாடீ அத்தனெ பேரு புருஷாளுக்கிடேலெ போயி பொம்மனாட்டி ஒக்காற்றது! என்ன அநியாயமாயிருக்கு! இதெல்லாம் எங்காத்துலே வந்து நீ செய்யாதேடீயம்மா! நான் சொல்லிட்டேன் ஆமா! அப்றம் ஏதாவது கெட்ட பேரு கீரு வந்தூட்டா கஷ்டம்.

கமலா: உங்க புள்ளெதான் வான்னு சொன்னார்.

மீனாக்ஷி: நன்னாச் சொன்னான் புள்ளே! அத்தெவிட நன்னா செஞ்செ நீ பொண்ணு நல்லமாதரி போ! வீட்டுவேலெ ஒண்ணெயும் செய்றத்தெ காணோம். நானும் என்னமோ இன்னும் சின்ன பொண்ணே, பாவம் பாவம்ந்நு இருக்கறது. அது என்னான்னா, இங்கெ வெச்சிருக்காத்தெ எடுத்து அந்தப் பக்கம் வெக்கறதில்லே. எப்போ பாத்தாலும் மினுக்கிக்கிறது, புடவெ கட்டிக்கிறது, சோப் போட்டு மொகம் கழுவிக்கிறது, இதுதான் பலன். நன்னா பெத்தான் போ உன்னப்பன், உன்னெப்போலெ ஒரு பொண்ணையும். அது குடுக்கறேன் இது செய்றேன்னு சொன்னானே என்ன குடுத்தான் உங்கப்பன்!

ஏண்டீ உன்னைப்போலெ பொண்ணு வேறெங்கு கிடெக்காதா எம்புள்ளைக்கு? எல்லா எங்கேயே தொலெஞ்சுபோயிருக்கக் கூடாதா! எல்லாம் எங்காத்துக்கா வந்து சேரனும் கர்மம்.

கமலா (இதெல்லாம் கேட்டு ஒன்றும் பேசமாட்டாது, கண்ணீர் விடுகிருள். பின்னர் மெதுவாக எழுந்து தன்னறைக்கு செல்கிருள்.) ஐயோ தெய்வமே! இதை இன்னும் எத்தனை நாள் பொறுப்பேன்! இதினின்றும் எனக்கு என்று விடுதலை கிடைக்கப் போகிறது. என் நாதர் இங்கிருந்து வேறெங்காவது என்னை அழைத்துச் செல்லாவிட்டால், நான் பிராணத்யாகம் செய்து கொள்வேன் என்பது திண்ணம். இப்படி இனி ஒருக்கணமும் நான் இருக்கமாட்டேன். என்ன வாழ்க்கையிது! கேடுகெட்ட வாழ்க்கை.

சீன் 3.

[ராமலிங்கமும் அவன் தகப்பனும் ஏதோ பெரிய சமாசாரத்தைப் பேசிக்கொண்டு வருகிருர்கள்.]

ராம.: என்ன நீ சொல்வது மிகவும் ஆச்சர்யமாயிருக்கிறது! என்ன தப்பு பெண்கள் ஆடவர்களுடன் சேர்ந்து இருந்தால்?

சங்கரய்யர்: சீ! அப்படியில்லை குழந்தே! நோக்குத் தெரியாது. இன்னும் சிறு வயசு. உலகத்து சூதுவாது ஒன்னும் இன்னும் தெரியாது. சே! அப்படி செய்யக்கூடாது. குலஸ்திரீகளெல்லாம் வெளியிலேயே போகக்கூடாது.

ராம.: இதெல்லாம் எனக்கு வேண்டியதில்லை, இந்த பழைய கந்தைப்புராணங்களெல்லாம். அப்படி அவர்கள் வந்தால் என்ன நேரும்?

சங்க.: என்ன நீயும்கூட பிடிவாதமாக பேசறே? நல்ல புள்ளெயாயிருந்தாயே? ஏண்டா ராமு? சொன்ன பேச்சு கேப்பாயே. இதென்ன இப்போ இப்படியாயிட்டே! அதிசயமாயிருக்கே எல்லாம்!

ராம.: நானு மாறிவிட்டேன்! நீங்கள்தான் விந்தை மனிதர்களாக இருக்கிறீர்கள். (தனக்குள்ளே) எ செட் அப் டாம்ட் இடியட்ஸ்.

மீனாக்ஷி: என்னடா ராமு! அநியாயத்தெ பார்த்தயோ! என்ன உன்னும்புடையாள் ஏதோ மீட்டிங்கோ, கீட்டிங்கோ, எங்கேயோ, தன்னந்தனியா போயிட்டு வந்திருக்கா. என்ன, நான் இதுமாதிரி பார்த்ததே இல்லே இதுவரெயிலும்.

ராம.: சீ! என்ன அது அம்மா! ஏன் அவ்வளவு கூச்சல் போடுகிறாய்! என்ன அதிசயம் இதில்? நான்தான் அவளே வரச்சொன்னேன்.

மீனாக்ஷி: நீயா! ரொம்ப நன்னாயிருக்கு! உனக்குந்தான் புத்தி வந்ததே இப்படி! ஏன் நீயும் இப்படி போயிட்டெ? நல்ல பையனா இருந்தாயே!

ராம.: சரி, சரி, போதும் நிறுத்து தயவுசெய்து. என்ன பேச்சு இது. இன்னும் சின்னப் பையன் என்று நினைத்துக் கொண்டிருக்கிறாயா என்ன? என் விஷயத்தில் ஏன் தலையிட்டுக்கொள்கிறீர்கள்? என்னிஷ்டப்படி செய்ய எனக்கு அனுமதி இல்லையா, எனக்கு பவர் இல்லையா? இந்த வீட்டில் உங்கள் இஷ்டப்படி நடக்க அல்ல நான் இருப்பது. வரவர ரொம்ப மோசமாய்ப்போய்விட்டது. இனி இங்கிருக்கப்போவதில்லை இந்த வீட்டில், நான் மதராஸுக்கு மாற்றிக்கொண்டு அங்கே கமலாவுடன் என்னிஷ்டப்படி சுகமாக இருக்கப் போகிறேன். (கோபத்துடன் செல்கிறான்.) (தொடரும்)

C. R. MYLERU.

முரண்பாடு

சுக்குமுத்துப் புலவர் உணவருந்தப்போகும் தருணத்தில் சோற்றுக்கிள்ளிப் புலவர் அவர் வீட்டிற்குள் அதிதியாகச் சென்ருர். சோற்றுக்கிள்ளி வந்த காரணத்தை நன்குணர்ந்த சுக்குமுத்துப் புலவர் அவரை எவ்வகையாயினும் வெளியாக்கிய பின்னரே உண்ணவேண்டுமென்று கருதித் தான் புலவராயிருந்தும் வறுமையால் வருந்துவதையும் புலவர்களின் திறத்தையும் பெருமையையும் யாரும் போற்ருததைப்பற்றியும் பலவாருகப் பேசவாரம்பித்தார்.

சோற்றுக்கிள்ளி அவர் கருத்தையறிந்தாரேனும் என் செய்வார் பாவம்! பசி யதிகரித்துக்கொண்டேயிருந்தது. நீதி நூல் பிரமாணங்களையாவது கூறி புலவர் மனத்தைத் திருப்பலாமென்று,

"விருந்து புறத்ததாத் தானுண்டல் சாவா
மருந்தெனினும் வேண்டற் பாற்றன்று"

என்று திருவள்ளுவர் இறப்பை நீக்கி நித்தியானந்த வாழ்வைத் தரும் தேவாமிருதமாயிருப்பினும் விருந்தினனை விலக்கியுண்ணுதல் தகாதெனக் கூறுகின்ருர். மக்கள் இதைச் சிறிதும் உணர்வதில்லை. உணர்ந்தவர்களும் அதன்படி நடப்பதில்லையென்றுகூற சுக்குமுத்துப் புலவர் அவருக்குக் குறளிலேயே பதிலளிக்கக் கருதி அடுக்களைக்குச் சென்று எண்ணி இரண்டு பருக்கை சோற்றைக்கொண்டுவந்து அதிதியின் கையில் கொடுத்து

"தினைத்துணை நன்றி செயினும் பனைத்துணையாக்
கொள்வர் பயன் றெரிவார்"

என்றபடி ஒருவன் தினையளவு மிகச்சிறிய உதவி செய்தாலும் அதன் பயனை நன்குணர்ந்த பெரியோர் அதைப் பனையினளவு பெரிதாகக்கொண்டு போற்றுவார் எனவும்

"இனைத்துணைத் தென்பதொன்றில்லை விருந்தின்
துணைத்துணை வேள்விப் பயன்"

என்றபடி ஒருவர் பெரியோர்க்கிட்ட விருந்தாகிய வேள்வியின் பொருள் அளவு மிகச் சிறிதாயினும் அது அவ்விருந்தைப் பெற்ற பெரியோரின் பெருமைக்கீடாக பெரிதாகிப் பெருகும் என்று நாயனர் கூறுகிருர். ஆதலின் என்னுலியன்றதைத் தங்களுக் களித்தேன். தாங்கள் இதைக்கொண்டு திருப்தி யடையவேண்டும், என வேண்டினர். சோற்றுக்கிள்ளி புலவருக்கு ஏமாற்றமடைந்ததாலுண்டான வருத்தமும் பசியினல் கோபமும் மிகுந்து "நீங்கள் மேற்கூறிய இரண்டு குறள்களின் பொருளை நன்குணர்ந்து கடைப்பிடித்த பெரியார்களையே சென்றிரந்தீர்போலும் அதனல்தான் தரித்திரம் உம்மை விட்டகலவில்லை" என்று கூறி அவர் வீட்டை விட்டகன்ருர்.

இவ்விதமே நம் நாட்டில் தமிழுக்கு வேதமாகிய திருக்குறள்போன்ற நீதி நூல்களைக்கற்ற பெரியார் தாங்கள் தீநெறியில் சென்ருலும் அது நன்னெறியேயெனச் சாதிப்பதற்கும் பிரமாணமாகக் காட்டிவாதிப்பார். வடமொழிவேதம் கற்ருல் இம்முறை கையாளுவதற்கு இன்னும் சுலபமாகும் என்றே தோன்றுகிறது.

"எப் பொருள் யார் யார் வாய் கேட்டாலும்
அப் பொருள் மெய்ப்பொருள் காண்பதே"

ஒரு நூலைப்படிப்பதின் தலையாய பயனகும்.

R. NARASIMHAM,
IV Hons.

“மூன்று காதல்மணம் கமழும் கவிகள்”

‘கற்றறிந்தார் போற்றுங்கலி’ என்று புலமைசான்ற பெரியோரால் போற்றப் பெற்றதும் கற்போர் மனத்தையும் கேட்போர் சிந்தையினையும் கொள்ளை கொள்ளும் கலித்தொகையிலுள்ள சில பாக்களின் வசனத்தையும் திருவாளர் V. கனக சபைப் பிள்ளை அவர்கள் எழுதிப்போந்த ஆங்கில மொழி பெயர்ப்பினையும் ஈண்டு கூறுவாம்.

“சுடர்த்தொடீஇ கேளாய் தெருவினு மாடு
மணற்சிற்றில் காலிற் சிதையா வடைச்சிய
கோதை பரிந்து வரிப்பந்து கொண்டோடி
நோதக்க செய்யுஞ் சிறுபட்டி மேலோர்நா
ளன்னையும் யானு மிருந்தேமா வில்லிரே
யுண்ணுநீர் வேட்டே னெனவந்தாற் கன்னை
யடர்பொற் சிரகத்தால் வாக்கிச் சுடரிழா
யுண்ணுநீ ரூட்டிவா வென்றா ளெனயானுந்
தன்னை யறியாது சென்றேன்மற் றென்னை
வளைமுன்கை பற்றி நலியத் தெருமந்திட்
டன்னா யிவனொருவன் செய்ததுகா ணென்றேனா
வன்னை யலறிப் படர்தரத் தன்னையா
னுண்ணுநீர் விக்கினா னென்றேனா வன்னையுந்
தன்னைப்புறம் பழித்து நீவமற் றென்னைக்
கடைக்கணாற் கொல்வான்போ னோக்கி நகைக்கூட்டஞ்
செய்தானக் கள்வன் மகன்” (குறிஞ்சிக்கலி—15)

இச்செய்யுளைத் தலைவனிடத்தில் தனக்குள்ள காதலைத் தோழிக்கு மறைபொருளாக வெளிப்படுத்தவேண்டி தலைவி தோழியிடம் கூறுகின்றாள். தோழி! யான் சொல்வதைக் கேள். நாம் தெருவில் மணலாற்செய்த சிற்றிலைக்காலால் அழித்து நாம் ஆடும் பந்தை எடுத்துக்கொண்டு ஓடி, நாம் நோவத்தக்க தொழிலைச்செய்யும் சிறுபட்டி மகனை நீ அறியா

யன்றோ? ஒருநாள் யானும் என் அன்னையும் வீட்டிலிருந்த பொழுது அவன் அங்குவந்து "இல்லில் உள்ளவர்களே உண்ணு நீர் வேட்டனன்" என்று சொல்ல அதைக்கேட்ட என் தாய் "அவனுக்கு உண்ணுநீர் கொண்டுபோய்க் கொடு" என்று என்னை ஏவினாள். யான் அவன் இதற்குமுன்செய்த குறும்பு களை எல்லாம் மறந்துவிட்டு அவனுக்குத் தண்ணீர் கொண்டு கொடுத்தேன். யான் தண்ணீர் தந்தஉடனே அவன் என் முன்கையைப் பிடித்து நலிவு செய்தான். உடனே யான் பயப் பட்டு "அன்னாய் இவன் செய்ததோர் செயலைப்பாராய்" என்று ஓல மிட்டேன். என் அன்னையும் அலறி ஓடிவந்து என்ன சம்பவித்தது என்று கேட்டாள். யான் உண்மையை மறைத்து "தாயே! அவன் நீர் உண்ணும்போது விக்கினான் அதைக் கண்டு யான் அலமலந்து கூவினேன்" என்றதோர் பொய் மொழி பகர்ந்தேன். அதைக்கேட்ட அன்னை அவன் முதுகைப் பல காலும் தடவினாள். அதுபோழ்து அக்கள்வ மகனும் என்னைக் கடைக்கண்ணால் கொல்வான் போலப்பார்த்துச் சிரித்தான். இச்செய்யுளில் தலைவனைக்காக்கவேண்டிய தலைவியின் சமயோ சித புத்தி நோக்கற்பாலது. ஆங்கில மொழியினை அறிந்த நண்பர் எளிதில் இச்செய்யுளின் கருத்துணரும்படி இனி இச் செய்யுளின் ஆங்கில மொழி பெயர்ப்பை ஈண்டுத்தருவாம்.

"Listen to me my friend! Knowest thou that wicked youth, who knocks down our toy houses, tears the garlands from our hair, snatches away the ball with which we play in the street and give us no end of trouble? One day while I and my mother were busy in our house, he came in and said he was thirsty. 'Give him a cup of water' said my mother, and I forgetting his evil ways, took a cup of water to him. Suddenly he seized me by the arm and tried to embrace me, but I cried out 'Lo! mother behold what this youth has done'. Hearing my cry, my mother rushed to the place where we were standing, and I

told her (a lie) that he was choked while drinking water. Then as my mother strocked his back, he darted a look at me as if he would stab me and made me laugh."

இனி குறிஞ்சிக்கலி, முதல் செய்யுளின் பொருளையும் செய்யுளையும் ஈண்டுத்தருவாம்.

"கயமல ருண்கண்ணாய் காணு யொருவன்
வயமா னடித்தேர்வான் போலத் தொடைமாண்ட
கண்ணியன் வில்லன் வருமென்னை நோக்கு
முன்னத்திற் காட்டுத லல்லது தானுற்ற
நோயுரைக்கல்லான் பெயருமற் பன்னாளும்
பாயல் பெறேஎன் படர்கூர்ந் தவன்வயிற்
சேயேன்மன் யானுந் துயருழப்பே னாயிடைக்
கண்ணின்று கூறுத லாற்று னவனாயிற்
பெண்ணன் றுரைத்த னமக்காயினின்னதூஉங்
காணுன் கழிதலு முண்டென் றொருநாளென்
றேணெகிழ் புற்ற துயராற் றுணிதந்தோர்
நாணின்மை செய்தே னறுநுதா லேனை
லினக்கிளி யாங்கடி தோம்பும் புனத்தய
லூசலூர்ந் தாட வொருஞான்று வந்தானை
யைய சிறிதென்னை யூக்கி யெனக்கூறத்
தையானன்றென் றவனூக்கக் கைநெகிழ்வு
பொய்யாக வீழ்ந்தே னவன் மார்பின் வாயாச்செத்
தொய்யென வாங்கே யெடுத்தனன் கொண்டான்மேன்
மெய்யறியாதேன்போற் கிடந்தேன்மன் னாயிடை
மெய்யறிந் தேற்றெருவே னாயின் மற்றொய்யென
வொண்குழலாய் செல்கெனக்கூறி விடும் பண்பி
னங்க னுடைய னவன்"

தலைவனுடன் இன்புற்ற தலைவி அதைத் தோழிக்குக்கூறுது மறைத்தாள். ஆனால் அதைத் தோழி தோற்றம், ஒழுக்கம் உண்டி முதலிய இன்னோரன்னபிற ஏழு குறிப்புகளால் அறிந்து

கொண்டு மெய்யினுலும் பொய்யினுலும் வேறுபட்ட இரு பொருட்பட்ட சொற்களால் தலைவியின் மனப்பான்மையை ஆராய்கின்ருள். தோழி தலைவியினிடம் கூறல் :—“ தலைவி ! யான் கூறுவதைச் சிறிது கேட்பாயாக. வீரமுள்ள ஒருவன் வில்லைக்கையிலேந்தி யானை முதலியவற்றைத் தேடுவான்போல வந்து என்னைப்பார்த்து தான்உற்ற நோயைக் குறிப்பால் உணரக்காட்டுதலின்றி தன்மனதில் உள்ளதைக் கூறுகின்ருனில்லை. அவன் வருத்தத்திற்கு யானும் வருந்துகின்றேன் என்று யான் அவனிடம் சொல்லலாமென்று நினைத்தால் அவ்வாறு கூறுவது பெண்தன்மைக்கு உரியதன்று. இவ்வாறு வருந்துகின்ற அவன் ஒருக்கால் இறந்துவிடுவானே என்று யான் நினைத்து ஓர்நாள் யான் ஒரு நாணமில்லாத காரியத்தைச் செய்தேன்.

எஃதியா தெனில் நம் தினைப்புனத்து அருகிலுள்ள ஊஞ்சலில் ஏறி, யான் ஆடிக்கொண்டிருந்தேன். அதுபோழ்து அங்கு அவன் வந்தான். யான் அவனைக்கண்டு “ஐய சிறிது பொழுது என்னை ஊசலாட்டுவாயாக” என்று சொல்ல அவனும் நன்றெனக்கூறி ஊசலாட்டினன். அதுபோழ்து யான் அவன் மார்பின் கண்ணே கைநெகிழ்ந்து வீழ்ந்தவள், என்று அவன் கருதும்படி பொய்யாக வீழ்ந்தேன். அவன் அதை உண்மை என்று கருதி விரைய என்னை எடுத்து அணைத்துக் கொண்டான். யான் மயக்கம் தீர்ந்து எழுந்திருப்பேனுயின் பிறர் அறிவர் என்று நினைத்துப் பெண்ணே ! நீ போ என்ருன். இதனுல் அவன் என்மீது கண்ணேட்ட முடையவன் என்று அறிந்தேன்.

“Though damsel whose eyes are as dark as the flower of the Kaya! Many a day has a youth, decked with pretty garlands and armed with a bow, appeared before me as if he was chasing some game, and gazed at me long and fondly, and vanished from my sight without ever uttering a word. The thought of him has drawn sleep from my eyes, and I pining with grief.

He speaks not of his love, except with his eyes, and I being a woman am too shy to let him know how deeply I love him. Unable to bear the pangs of a secret love I did an act of which I am ashamed.

One day while I was seated on a swing, by the side of our farm he appeared before me as usual, and I called out to him and said "sir, swing me a little while."

"I will do so, sweet maid" replied he, and was swinging me when I pretend to slip from the swing and fell on his shoulder as if in a swoon. He held me fast when at last I awoke, he bade me go, caressing me fondly and making me happy in the assurance that he loved me fervently"

இனி பாலைக்கலி 9 செய்யுளையும் அதன் மொழி பெயர்ப் பினையும் கூறுவாம்.

......................அந்தணீர் !
வெவ்விடைச் செபன்மாலை யொழுக்கத்தீரிவ்விடை
யென்மக ளொருத்தியும் பிறண்மக னொருவனுந்
தம்முளே புணர்ந்த தாமறி புணர்ச்சிய
ரன்னா ரிருவரைக் காணிரோ பெரும
காணேமல்லேங் கண்டனங் கடத்திடை
யாணெழி லண்ணலோ டறற்சுர முன்னிய
மாணிழை மடவர ளாயிர்நிர் போற்றிர்;
பலவுறு நறுஞ்சாந்தம் படுப்பவர்க் கல்லதை
மலையுளே பிறப்பினுமலைக்கவைதா மென்செய்யு
நினையுங்கா னும்மகனுமக்கு மாங்கனையளே
சீர்கெழு வெண்முத்த மணிபவர்க்கல்லதை
நீருளே பிறப்பினு நீர்க்கவைதா மென்செய்யுந்
தேமருங்கா னும்மக ளுமக்குமாங் கனையளே
ஏழ்புண ரின்னிசை முரல் பவர்க்கல்லதை
யாழுளே பிறப்பினும் யாழ்க்கவைதா மென்செய்யுஞ்

சூழுங்கா னும்மக ளுமக்குமாங்கனையளே எனவாங்கு
இறந்த கற்பினாட் கெவ்வம் படரன்மின்
சிறந்தானை வழிபடீஇச் சென்றன
ளறந்தலை பிரியாவா றுமற்றதுவே"

தன் மகளைத் தேடிச்சென்ற தாய் வழியில் சில அந்தணர் களைக்கண்டு உசாவ, அவர்கள் அம்மகள் தன் தலைவனுடன் சென்றாறென்றும், அவ்வாறு சென்றதே சாலச்சிறந்த தென் றும் கூறி, "முத்துக்கள் அவைகளை அணிந்து கொள்பவர்க்கு அழகைக் செய்வதன்றி தாம்பிறந்த கடலுக்கு யாதுபயனைத் தரும். நும்மகளும் பயன்தரும் பருவத்து நுமக்குப் பயன் படாள். சந்தனம் மலையிடத்துத் தோன்றினும் அது அதைப் பூசிக்கொள்பவர்க்குத்தான் பயன்படும் நும்மகளும் நுமக்கு அத் தன்மையளே என்று கூறினார்கள்."

A lady elopes with her lover. The mother of the young lady going in search of her enquires of the pilgrims whom she meets, whether they had seen a girl following a young man on the road. The pilgrims console her with the advice that her daughter had not acted improperly in having eloped with the youth who loved her. "Of what use is the pearl" they say, "to the sea in which it was born? Of what use is the sandal to the mountain on which it grew? Of what use is the coral to the reef on which it was formed? They are useful only to those who would wear them. Even so has thy daughter gone with the young man of choice."

P. ALALASUNDARAM,
IV Hons. (*Tamil Literature*)

The University Union

President.—M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur
S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M. A., I. E. S.

Chairman.—Mr. M. Rajah (III term, 1931-32)
Mr. V. Achyuthan Nair
(I term, 1932-33).

Secretary.—Mr. V. Achyuthan Nair (1931-32).
Mr. N. J. Devadas (1932-33).

The Union Day for the year 1931-32 was celebrated on the 29th February 1932, M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M. A., I. E. S., presiding. Mr. K. Narasinga Pai, B. A., L. T., Principal, Maharaja's College, Ernakulam, delivered the valedictory address of the Union on "The Present Outlook." In the course of his address, he gave a lucid analysis of the various causes of acute unemployment in the country, and threw out practical suggestions as to how youth could, with sufficient courage and initiative, fight its way through life. The President, in his concluding remarks, expressed the hope that the members would take the utmost advantage of the unique facilities afforded by the Union to develop debating powers of a high order, clear-headed judgment, and an ability to see things in their proper perspective, unclouded by petty personal jealousies and prejudices.

On the 16th of July 1932, was delivered the inaugural address of the Union by Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar, B.A., B.L., M.L.A., with Mr. R. Littlehailes, Director of Public Instruction, in the

chair. In an exceedingly eloquent and illuminating address on "The Indian Franchise Problems", the distinguished lecturer pointed out how the appalling illiteracy of the masses, the difficulty of bringing women from behind the purdah into the arena of active politics, and the absence of well-organised political parties among the people, would render the immediate introduction of adult franchise risky and premature. That was why the Indian Franchise Committee had contented itself with widening the franchise only so far as the existing circumstances allowed. Freedom, declared the speaker, should grow from precedent to precedent, and franchise should be gradually extended from class to class.

A few days later, Mr. L. N. Gubil Sundaresan, of Trichinopoly, gave a course of two lectures on "Travels and their value" and on "Modern Education".

In the ordinary meetings which were held during this term, the debating talents of the members of the Union were displayed to the full over questions of topical interest. "That the adoption of Communism is conducive to the uplift of mankind", "That this world is heading towards spiritual bankruptcy," and "That war is essential for world progress", were some of the resolutions discussed by the House with characteristic vigour and vivacity.

In private business two resolutions were passed by the House, placing on record its sense of appreciation of the services rendered to it, (1) by Mr. M. Rajah as Chairman for the last term and (2) by Mr. V. Achyuthan Nair as Secretary for the last academic year.

The Athletic Association

THE Association started work this year with the following Clubs: Badminton, Basketball, Boxing, Cricket, Football, Gymnastics, Hockey, Playgroundball, Tenikoit, Tennis, Track and Field Athletics and Volleyball.

The Vice-Chancellor was pleased to nominate the following as members of the Games Committee for the year:

Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nayar, M.A., (Lond.)	Badminton & Boxing
Mr. P. S. Naidu, M.A.,	Football
Mr. S. P. Ragland, M.A.,	Hockey
Mr. K. P. K. Menon, M.A.,	Playgroundball & Volleybal
Mr. N. S. Subba Rao, M.A.,	Tenikoit & Tennis
Mr. T. P. Navanithakrishnan, M.A.,	Rovering

Mr. C. T. Srinivasan resigned in the course of the term and Mr. C. V. Lobo was nominated member in charge for Cricket.

The following is the list of Captains for the year:

Badminton	...	D. Manikkam (elected *General Captain*)
Basketball	...	K. Mutthuveerappan
Cricket	...	Mark Runganadhan
Football	...	K. Narayanan
Hockey	...	S. Sankaranarayanan
Playgroundball	...	V. Venkataraman

Tenikoit	...	K. K. Rajaraman
Tennis	...	I. P. Muralidara Menon
Valleyball	...	N. Aravamudan
Boxing	...	M. Runganadhan (Nominated)
Track and Field Athletics	...	K. Srinivasan ,,
Gymnastics Club	...	T. N. Satagopachary ,,

Over 300 students registered for membership in one club or other of the Association. The elections for the Captainships were contested in all clubs except Cricket. Volleyball has the largest number of registered members.

CRICKET has received greater prominence this year than during the last and a few additions have been made to the club from among the new-comers in the place of those left. The Eleven still leaves much to be desired. Judging from the matches so far played with the clubs which have visited the University, we have to make enormous strides in every aspect of the game before greater success can be achieved. Yet the results of the matches played during the term are encouraging in spite of our failures against the Trichy United Club, the M. R. C., the Eccentrics and the Emmanuels from Madras. We can really congratulate ourselves on our plucky victory over the Eccentrics in our first encounter with them, and the real good fight put up against the M. R. C. Our performance in the second day's match with the Emmanuels and the one-day game with Tanjore was creditable. Mark Runganadhan continues to be promising. S. Srinivasan has justified his inclusion by his good bowling; C. A. Lobo has become steadier than last year; and among the freshmen Gurumurty has shown himself to be a good all-rounder.

HOCKEY: The club has been doing its best to improve its standard in spite of a few handicaps. The club played two practice matches and four inter-club matches, against the Eccentrics (won, 3 to 1) against the Emmanuels (won 3 to 0), against the Tanjore C. C. (lost 2 to nil) and against the M. R. C. (won). C. K. Sitaraman's forward play and C. Rangaswami's goal-keeping have contributed a great deal to our success.

FOOTBALL looks like a dying game in spite of the enthusiasm recently evinced in it. Three practice matches were played by the club. Balakrishna Menon, his brother Raman Menon and S. Rangaswami are promising additions to the team.

TENNIS continues to thrive, but with the loss of Sivaraman one cannot say what the Varsity will do in the Inter-Club or Inter-College matches. It has now one victory against the Trichy C. C. to its credit.

The other clubs have had many practice matches. Basketball has had two; Volleyball, two; Playground-ball, two; and Tenikoit, two. The Track and Field Athletic Club has lost a good many of its stars; and with the inclusion of Mr. C. Ayyaru in the Staff our chances of success are few unless those who possess special ability are willing to practise more earnestly. The response so far has been poor, and the trials disappointing.

BOXING practice has not yet begun in earnest. The rainy weather is likely to give scope for more vigorous work. The Gymnastic Club has now many activities with an indigenous section and an apparatus section.

The Teaching Staff has, as during the last year, taken a good deal of interest in the games, and practice matches were played with the students in the following games: Football (draw !!!), Badminton and Volley-ball (lost—the Staff will say, after a great fight!). There was also a match in Cricket—but with the B Team, and the result was, may it be said, a creditable draw. (???) A good deal more is hoped for from the Staff.

Hostel Notes

IT is a matter for regret that Dr. S. R. Rao has resigned the wardenship of the hostel. We hope that his connections with the hostel are not severed and that we can have his help and advice whenever we need them. We are very glad to have Dr. B. V. N. Naidu as our warden. With him as warden we feel we can have a good and happy time.

It is gratifying to note that this year the strength of the hostel has increased. We have a large number of new comers to whom we extend a hearty welcome and wish them 'good-cheer'.

The Tilak Day celebration came off on the 1st August. A meeting was held on the hostel premises under the presidency of Prof. Swami Vipulanandaji Maharaj when speeches were delivered on the life and career of the late Lokamanya Tilak. After the meeting all the sections of the hostel held sumptuous feasts.

V. N. RAMASWAMI,
Secretary.

English Language and Literature Society

President.—Mr. A. Mendeloff, B.A. (Hons.) (Lond.)

Chairman.—Mr. S. Sankaranarayanan, V H. (Lit.) (III Term)

„ S. Ramanujam, IV cl. (I term)

Secretary.— „ S. Natarajan, IV class.

There were two extraordinary meetings during the latter part of the third term. Mrs. Rosenthall of the Hyderabad Educational Service addressed the house on "The Romantic Movement". Prof. Ernest Wood of the Adyar College spoke on the "Unity of Mankind." The Valedictory address of the society was delivered by Mr. Macnicol of the Christian College, Madras, when Mr. P. A. Subramania Iyer M.A., of Annamalai University presided.

The first ordinary meeting of this term was held on the 21st July 1932, the subject discussed being "Irish humour".

On the 3rd August 1932 the house was engaged in considering "The relation of poetry to science". The meetings were well attended and members evinced a great deal of interest and enthusiasm in the proceedings of the house.

History Society, 1931—'32

President.—Prof. C. S. Srinivasachariar, M.A.

1931—'32

Chairman.—Mr. T. K. Srinivasan, IV H. (III Term).

Secretary.—Mr. V. Ramamurthy, IV H.

The work of the society in the last academic year began happily with the unveiling of the portrait of the late lamented Prof. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar. The ceremony was performed on 26-3-32 by M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Ranganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S., Vice-Chancellor, who paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the late Professor. The Rev. Father Heras, Director of Bombay Historical Research Institute, who was present on the occasion also spoke very highly of the late Professor. The function terminated with an interesting lecture by the Rev. Father Heras on "Was Kanchipuram always the Pallava Capital?" The Valedictory address of the Society was delivered by Joseph Franco Esq., M.A., Professor of History, Presy. College, under the presidency of Prof. C. S. Srinivasachariar, M.A. There was also an extraordinary lecture on "Archaeology—its application and uses" by T. Balakrishna Nair Esq., M.A., (Madras), M.A. (Lond.) with the President of the society in the chair.

1932—'33

Chairman.—Mr. N. Aravamudhan, IV Hons. (I Term)

Secretary.—Mr. N. Sithapathi Rao, IV Class.

In the first meeting of this academic year the house discussed "The Recommendations of the Franchise Committee", to find our President, Prof.

C. S. Srinivasachariar, M.A., participating in the proceedings of the House. In the next meeting the House escaped the danger by throwing out the resolution that "Monarchy is the best form of government for India" and thus asserted its democratic and historical spirt. The enthusiasm shown by the President and the members of the society is encouraging.

SITHAPATHI RAO,
Secretary.

Economics Society

President.—Dr. B. V. N. Naidu, M. A. B. Com., Bar-at-Law.

Secretary.—V. Venkata Raman. IV Honours.

Chairman.—S. Natarajan, IV class (I Term).

The society's work for the year began full of promise. The third term provided a fitting ending to the society's activities during the last year in which there were ten ordinary meetings and six extraordinary meetings. The term began with a lively and serious discussion of such problems as "Fair Wage", and "The Impending Crisis". The most interesting feature was the holding of a debate on the possibility and desirability of Industrialization of India. The majority of the House were in favour of Industrialization. During the term Mr. V. Ramadoss Pantalu, B. A., B. L., addressed the House on "The Bank of International Settlements". The valedictory address of the

society for the academic year was delivered by Mr. P. S. Lokanathan, M. A., of the Madras University.

The society began to function this year with a lecture by Mr. C. V. Subramanian, V H., on "Imperial Preference". Two other meetings were also held when papers were read on "Arbitration and Conciliation" by Mr. V. Sivaraman V H. and on "Indian Trade Union Unity" by Mr. V. Krishnamurthy, V H.

Philosophy Society

President.—M. R. Ry. R. Ramanujachariar Avl., M.A.

Chairman.—Mr. S. Hanumaji Rao, V Hons. (I term)

Secretary.—A. Veera Raghava Rao, IV Hons.

The inaugural address of the society was delivered by A. R. Wadia Esq., B.A. (Cantab), Bar-at-Law, Professor of Philosophy, Mysore University, on Saturday the 5th August 1932 at 4 P. M. in the Assembly Hall, M. R. Ry. P. N. Srinivasachariar Avl., M. A., Professor of Philosophy, Pachaiappa's College, Madras, presiding. The lecturer gave an interesting and thought-provoking address on "The Message of Philosophy"

The society hopes to conduct several ordinary meetings during the term.

The Annamalai University Mathematics Association

President.—M. R. Ry. A. Narasinga Rao Avl., M.A., L.T.

Vice-President.—M. R. Ry. G. V. Krishnaswamy Iyengar Avl., M.A.

Chairman.—Mr. T. Govindarajan, V H. (for the I term).

Secretary.—Mr. S. Pichai, IV (for the year).

Additional Secretary—Mr. N. M. Srinivasan, V H. (for the year).

At the beginning of this academic year, the President announced that the Association will in future be run on more democratic lines and that a student chairman will be allowed to preside over the meetings of the Association. This announcement was received with great enthusiasm by all, as this was the first time in the university that a student chairman was to preside over the meetings of a Science Association. In conformity with the announcement, a business meeting was held early in July and the office-bearers were elected.

In the ordinary meetings such interesting topics as "The Mathematical Theory of Life Insurance" and "Polar curves" were discussed with great enthusiasm.

The Annamalai University Physics Society

President.—Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao, M.A., PH. D.

Secretary.—Mr. M. N. Seshadri, IV B. Sc. class.

The Valedictory address for 1931—32 of the society was delivered by Dr. Rangadhama Rao, D. Sc. (Madras), D. Sc. (Lond.) of Kodaikanal Observatory on the 1st March 1932, when Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao presided. The subject of the lecture was "Some Aspects of Spectroscopy". The lucid and interesting lecture attracted a large audience.

The inaugural address of this society for the academic year 1932—33 was delivered by Prof. J. P. Manikkam, M.A., L.T., of the Christian College, on the 16th July, 1932. The lecturer dwelt upon the theory of relativity. The 'talk' that ensued was made lively and pleasant throughout by the humorous and witty remarks of the lecturer.

The society has thus begun under favourable auspices. We have also announced two prizes of rupees ten and five for the best essays that are read before the society. We anticipate a large number of speakers to compete for the prizes.

An interesting programme of lectures has been arranged for the term. We hope that the members will take advantage of the opportunities offered to them.

Chemical Society, 1931—'32

President :—Dr. S. N. Chakravarti, M. Sc.
D. PHIL. (Oxon.)

Secretary :—O. Padma Raju, IV Class.

Assistant Secretary :—N. Vaithianathan, III Hons.

The offer of a prize of Rs. 10 by Dr. Moudgill of Trivandrum for the best essay read before the society was a great incentive to many of the members. About thirteen papers were read in the course of the year. Among the various subjects discussed were "Vitamins", "Catalysis", "Atomic Numbers", "Radioactivity", "Food—Some Aspects" and "Colloids"—to mention only a few. The paper on Radioactivity by Mr. V. Venkata Rangayya, III B. Sc. was awarded Dr. Moudgill's prize. Soon after the Faraday centenary, Dr. S. N. Chakravarti addressed the house on "Faraday as a Chemist".

The Valedictory address was delivered by Dr. Moudgill of the Science College, Trivandrum, on the 27th February 1932. After a group photo with Dr. Moudgill, the society was 'at home' to the Vice-Chancellor.

The strength of the society has risen from 59 of last year to 70 and we cherish great hopes about its future in view of the enthusiasm shown by the members.

1932—'33

President:—Dr. S. N. Chakravarti, M. Sc.
D. PHIL. (Oxon.)

Secretary:—N. Vaithianathan, IV Hons.

Asst. Secretary:—V. Ranganathan, III Hons.

The inaugural address for the year was delivered by Dr. B. B. Dey of the Presidency College, Madras, on the 23rd July. For this term we had 4 lectures on the programme of which only 2 have been given. Two prizes of the value of Rs. 10 and 8 have been offered for the two best essays read before the society and there is a good deal of competition for them.

The Annamalai University Tamil Union

President.—M. R. Ry. Swamy Vipulanandaji
Avl., B. Sc. (Lond.)

Chairman.—Mr. S. Maharajan, IV B. Sc., (I Term).

Secretary.—Mr. P. Alalasundaram, IV Hons.
(Tamil).

The inaugural address of the Sangam was delivered by M. R. Ry. Pandithamani, M. Kathiresan Chettyar Avl. on the 16th July, when Swami Vipulanandaji Maharaj, B. Sc. (Lond.), presided. The theme of the lecture was 'Thiruvasagam'. The learned lecturer pointed out the beauties and the inner meanings of Thiruvasagam.

The weekly meetings of this Sangam attracted larger audiences than in the previous years and it is largely due to the introduction of debates in ordinary meetings. Topics of general interest like "The necessity of idol worship", "Hindi the common language of India" etc. were discussed with great enthusiasm.

This year the Sangam began its activities early in July and was able to work efficiently with the assistance of the President and the co-operation of the members. Hereafter, apart from the debates that are usually held on every Sunday, there will be a meeting in the evenings once a fortnight to enable the Vidwan and the town-students to participate in the discussions.

First Annamalainagar Rover Crew

Annual Report for 1931-32

THE present strength of the Rover Crew is 28, as against 32 last year, of whom 12 are invested and the others are undergoing probation.

The C. O. H. consisting of the Rover Mates, the Seconds and the Rover Leader met 4 times in the course of the year.

The Crew met 10 times in the year, when they practised Scoutcraft, had instruction in Scout Organisation, talks on Scouting Topics, studied Scout Literature and had discussions. In addition to these, the squires had 6 more separate meetings for the preparation of their tests.

There were two camps, one hike, and one outing during the year.

The Crew had a special meeting on the occasion of the Vice-Chancellor's return from his European tour on 2nd September, 1932, when they presented him with an address.

Some of the Rovers are helping in the working of local Packs, and R. M. Subbarayan is attached to the Sri Minakshi Cub Pack as its A. C. M.

Other Rovers are co-operating with the 'Social Reform Club' in doing night school work.

The Crew, in addition to helping at University functions and the Convocation, rendered service on the occasion of the local festival in December 1931. They put out a small fire on the 29th Jan. near Thillaiamman temple.

Thanks to the grant of Rs. 100 from the University Funds, our expenses have been met and badges and scarves are supplied also; we are also adding to our camp equipment.

The 2nd Rover Day was celebrated on the 17th Feb. 1931, with K. M. Khadye Esq., B.A. (Cantab) in the chair. The Vice-Chancellor addressed the Rovers.

The Vice-Chancellor and other members of the Staff continue to take an interest in our activities; we thank them for their guidance and help.

R. A. SUBRAMANIAN, IV B. SC.,
Scribe (Rover Crew).

The Annamalai University Social Reform Club

President.—M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur
S. E. Runganadhan Avl.

Secretary.—Mr. T. Govinda Rajan (whole year).

Chairman.—Mr. M. Rajah (I term).

The Permanent Standing Committee of the Night School

Chairman.—Mr. C. R. Myleru, B.A. (Hons.)

Members.—Mr. S. P. Ragland, M.A.
Mr. M. Rajah.

Ex-officio Member.—Mr. T. Govinda Rajan.

THE RURAL PROPAGANDA BOARD

Ex-officio Chairman.—Mr. M. Rajah.

Members.—Mr. N. M. Sreenivasan.
Mr. N. J. Devadoss.
Mr. T. Rama Pisharoti.
Mr. C. K. Seetharaman.

Ex-officio Member.—Mr. T. Govinda Rajan.

The Annamalai University Social Reform Club is a body depending for the most part on private subscriptions and donations.

The Club began its activities under very good auspices. The night school is conducted by the members of this Club on more efficient lines with a greater number of pupils than last year. The Rural Propaganda Board is expected to meet early this month and arrange for a tour round the villages near Annamalainagar to carry on rural propaganda.

Questions of importance like "The Position of Widows", "The fusion of castes and social progress" etc., were discussed enthusiastically.

It is expected that Mr. T. Sivaramasethu Pillai, M. A., B. L., Special Accounts Officer, Madras, will deliver the inaugural address.

The Annamalai University Malayalee Club

Patron.—M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S.

President.—Mr. K. Rama Pisharoti, M.A.

Chairman.—Mr. A. P. Sankaran Nair, (III Term, 1931—'32).

Mr. K. Karunakara Menon, (I Term, 1932—'33).

Secretary.—Mr. M. Krishna Raja.

Treasurer.—Mr. A. P. Madhavan Nair, B.A. (Hons.)

Members of the Executive Committee
- Mr. M. S. Devadas Menon.
- " P. K. Krishnan Nambiar.
- " K. K. Thomas.
- " T. Rama Pisharoti.

The third Anniversary of the Club was celebrated on 1st March, '32. Dr. B. V. Narayanaswami Naidu, M.A., B. Com., Ph. D., Bar-at-Law, President of the Andhra Sangham, presided, when Mr. K. Rama Pisharoti, M. A., Reader in Sanskrit and Dean of the Faculty of Oriental Studies, delivered the valedictory address.

During the third Term (1931—'32), the Club listened to an interesting address by Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nair, M.A. (Mad.), M.A. (Lond.) on his "Experiences in the West".

The Club has now got 73 members on its rolls. In pursuance of the new constitution of the Club, it can now count some non-Malayalees also as its members.

The accounts of the Club for the year 1931—'32 were audited. We are glad to state that the Auditors' report shows a decided improvement upon the previous year.

There have been in all two ordinary meetings up till now.

The Club is getting down a daily newspaper in Malayalam from August 1st.

Annamalai University Andhra Sangham

Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M. A., I. E. S., *President.*

M. R. Ry. N. S. Subba Rao Garu, M. A., *Vice-President.*

Messrs. V. Krishnamurthy, V Hons., *Chairman, I term.*

J. Balachandra, IV B. SC., *Secretary.*

A. Veeraraghava Rao, IV Hons., *Bursar.*

M. R. Ry. P. Sreenivasulu Naidu Garu, M.A.
Mr. A. Purushotham, IV B. SC.
} *Managing Committee Members.*

M. R. Ry. S. V. Rangacharlu Garu, *Editor, Manuscript Magazine.*

Messrs. K. Venkata Rao, III Hons
K. Ramanadham, III class } *Editorial Board Members.*

The strength of the Sangham has increased this year and it has begun its work with redoubled enthusiasm. There have already been held two meetings, the one extraordinary and the other ordinary, and before the close of the term there will be many more. Thanks to the encouragement received from the staff the Sangham has begun to work efficiently.

The inaugural address will be delivered shortly.

The Annamalai University Karnataka Sangha

President.—M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Ranganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S., Vice-Chancellor.

Vice-President.—M. R. Ry. A. Narasinga Rao Avl., M.A., L.T., Dean of the Faculty of Science.

Chairman.—Mr. B. Madhavarao Pai, V H.

Secretary.—Mr. S. V. Chalapathi, I Cl.

Managing Committee.—

Messrs. K. B. Krishna Rao, V H.
P. Ramakrishna Bhat (Siromani).

The enthusiasm which was responsible for the establishment of the Sangha has steadily progressed.

Full advantage has been taken of the wide scope afforded by the rules governing the membership. The Sangha met thrice this month, and all the debates were keen and lively.

The Sangha is getting down a Kanarese Monthly "The Jaya Karnataka".

The Bharathi Study Circle

President.—Swami Vipulanandaji Maharaj, B.SC. (Lond.)

Secretaries.—Mr. S. Viswanathan, B.A. (Hons.)
Mr. N. Aravamudan, IV H.

Managing Committee.—The President, the two Secretaries, Mr. C. R. Myleru, B.A. (Hons.) and Mr. R. A. Subramaniam, IV Cl.

The Bharathi Study Circle commenced its second year with renewed vigour. In its ordinary meetings several aspects of Bharathi's poetry were discussed.

Songs classes which form a branch of this society, are regularly conducted on Sundays by Mr. C. R. Myleru, B.A. (Hons.) and the attendance at these classes is highly satisfactory.

With the encouragement of the Vice-Chancellor and the enthusiastic President, the Study Circle hopes to do very useful work this year. Arrangements are being made to unveil Bharathi's portrait by the middle of September.

Our Exchange List

The following Magazines from various Colleges have been received for exchange:—

1. The Madras Christian College Magazine Sept. 1932.
2. The Madras Law College Magazine Sept. 1932.
3. The Zamorin's College Magazine Sept. 1932.
4. The National College Magazine Aug. 1932.
5. The Kumbakonam College Magazine Aug. 1932.
6. The Magazine, St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly Sept. 1932.
7. Findlay College Magazine, Mannargudi Sept. 1932.
8. The Hindu Theological High School Magazine, Madras July 1932.
9. Queen Mary's College Magazine, Madras Sept. 1932.
10. The Leader Union Noble College Sept. 1932.
11. Nowrosjee Wadia College Miscellany Oct. 1932.

THE END

JL
T4;M2114C, N29
N32·4·1
147731
-600 008.

TRICHINOPOLY:
St. Joseph's Industrial School Press.
1932